

Blair takes a fleeting look behind the curtain

If the Labour leader was looking for his South African visit to demonstrate that he is a global leader he was disappointed, but he managed to smile at the last

Monday sketch



Ruairidh Nicoll

TONY Blair couldn't help but look nervous. He had just been introduced to a small girl — only minutes old — who had responded to his enthusiastic grin with clenched fists and a face that said volumes about awakening into this world. Now he was facing a blue curtain which was about to be torn aside by a keen looking nurse. Behind it, we all knew, could only be the exhausted mother.

The Labour leader looked across the room. Among the small crowd of press and health clinic staff stood his wife, Cherie.

From a look it was obvious that she wanted nothing to do with this situation, and so he turned back as the curtain was opened. The rest of us were deprived of the vision which

unfolded beyond, but we could see Blair. His face suddenly collapsed in embarrassment, only to be matched by his frantic efforts to get the staff to pull the curtain back while simultaneously smiling and waving until the bed's occupant disappeared from sight.

A man who had been watching peered at the child and then turned to Blair. "What a way to come into the world," he said. Bambi had arrived in Bantoland.

Blair had flown into a stormy Cape Town on Friday on the rather spurious pretext of giving a speech to an organisation called the Commonwealth Press Union. Hardly had he touched the ground before he was mugged for the cameras beside Nelson Mandela. In a triumphant 40-minute meeting he convinced the president that it would be a grand idea for a team of football players, drawn from England's Premier League, to visit South Africa.

The horribly busy Mandela quickly agreed and then handed on to his heavy smoking minister of sport.

If Blair was looking for publicity that would show him to be a global statesman he was to be disappointed. One of the most important court cases in South Africa, the trial of the former defence minister, Magnus Malan, and 15 others

accused of the 1989 massacre of 13 men, women and children in KwaZulu Natal, ended in an acquittal and worldwide headlines which drowned out his little jaunt.

A trip to a wine bar in a suburb nicknamed Little Islington by the locals was practically ignored. But despite all, Blair crashed on with his schedule, side-stepping the trauma of a strike by South African Airline's ground crew to arrive in Joburg for a lunchtime treat (or barbecue) on Saturday followed by a trip to the most convenient local heli-hole.

Alexandra, called Alexandria by the dark forces travelling with Blair, is the most violent and frightening of the former townships in or near Johannesburg.

It is also hard by Sandton, one of the richest neighbourhoods in the city, which meant it was only 10 minutes from the plush Sandton Sun Hotel, where the party was staying.

Blair's arrival outside the brightly coloured buildings of the Alexandra Health Clinic was preceded by a hard-core group of heavies belonging to the Gauteng state premier, Toyko Sexwale.

They leapt from the car showing walkie-talkies into their belts and dispersing among the little reception,



Mr Blair at a barbecue with Toyko Sexwale (centre), Gauteng premier. PHOTOGRAPH: JUDAH ROSENBERG

many of whom presumably had sworn the Hippocratic Oath.

Blair emerged, hand already shaking, and was led into the building. He sat down with one of the workers and asked what the biggest problem they faced here was. She

didn't understand. Blair tried again. "Sexually transmitted diseases," she said hopefully.

"The British Aid Project which was operating at the clinic seemed full of nice middle-class ladies who fussed over Cherie. "Oh, where is Mrs Blair?" asked one, parick-

ing. "Oh, over there," said another. "Oh, I thought we'd lost her," said the first which resulted in a group giggle.

Sir Anthony Reeve, the outgoing British High Commissioner, followed the party wearing a sporty blazer and looking bored. "So you must

be nearly packed up?" I asked conversationally. "Are you looking for a domestic angle?" he replied, cold eyes flashing. Reeve is a brilliant diplomat but he hates this sort of thing.

The clinic, right on the edge of Alexandra, has to deal with the blight of poverty and sex. Many of the women who sat around had just given birth, and were preparing to return to the shanty huts with their newborn. Blair looked in on a couple of children who were - jumbled and then came outside and sat beside one of the mothers.

She, of course, had no idea who this smiling man was and Blair's questions were greeted with incomprehension. Realising he was not getting far, the opposition leader stood up again and wandered off. The mother quickly looked into the tiny cubicle to make sure he hadn't stolen her child.

While Cherie was telling the staff that things were not much better in Britain, the backs were asking Blair's staff if it was really true that the party would be taking a trip through the township itself.

This was exciting stuff: few white Joburgers ever enter the place and reporters go there only when absolutely necessary. Yes, it seemed, Blair would go in but the car would not stop. The camera-men groaned.

Revealing that the group began to huddle in a room around a beaten up table. In stepped Blair, craning among the clinic's staff. His minders gazed the engines of their BMWs. The reporters jumped into their Golfs and the canopy moved on. Blair turned along the edge of the township and then passed along a dusty track which brought it to the top of a street that runs the length of the shanty town.

Hazard lights began to flash, horns to sound, and like a squadron taking off from an aircraft carrier about 10 cars accelerated quickly down the road.

One of the things about townships is that pedestrians refuse to be moved by cars, and so there was general outrage as this blaring, flashing mass screamed past. The people who were forced to leap to safety looking shocked in the rising dust. It was beginning to look as if the minders were trying to drum up business for the clinic.

The desolation of the broken huts, the grim blocks that used to house the migrant labourers, and a well attended game of soccer all passed in a flash. But Tony had done it and made it through safely.

Who could argue that this man does not have the common touch?

Loaves, fishes and discount beans on offer at supermarket

Tesco's Sunday school special

Alex Bellon

THEIR aisles are amply stocked with bread and wine. They have no problems with Sunday attendance and they unite families in a common cause.

It was surely inevitable that supermarkets would eventually offer religious instruction as well as discount tins of baked beans.

Giving a new meaning to the phrase customer service, 25 Kent children yesterday attended a Sunday school at the local Tesco. "If people aren't going to go to church, we need to bring church to where people are," said Captain David Ramsay of the Salvation Army, which is organising the initiative at Grove Green, Maidstone, Kent.

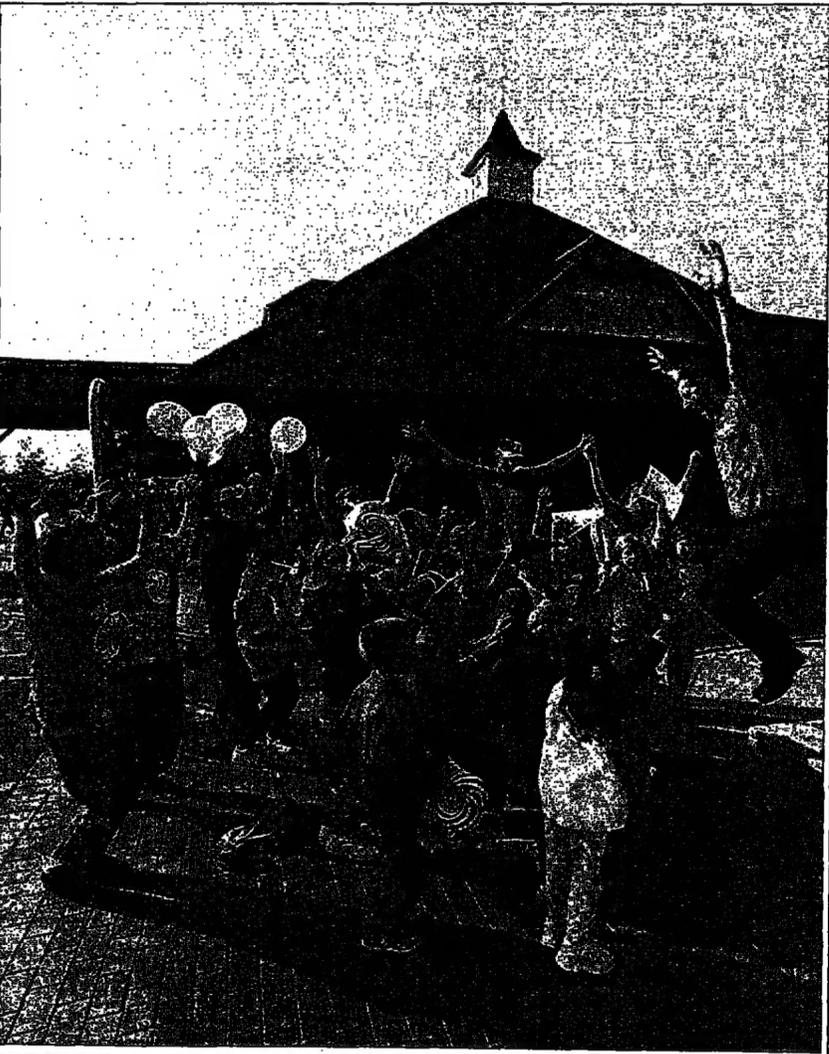
The hour-long service offers a truce between God and Mammon.

Captain Ramsay said: "It is not so much a contradiction as a partnership. "We are about family. We are interested in reviving the profile of family. Supermarkets are about families too. They bring families to shop."

Endorsing Sunday trading by having a religious service in a store may offend some believers, although the Salvation Army has a tradition of going to where people are rather than waiting for them to come.

"We oppose Sunday trading," said Captain Ramsay. "However, the realism is that Sunday trading is here to stay. There is nothing I can do as an individual about that, but at least I can get alongside some of the people and bring them the Gospel. There is no point in burying our heads."

Andrew Coker, Tesco corporate communications manager, said the idea was mooted at its annual meeting in June. A Salvation Army official read about it and approached the store.



Bill Heeley leading a group of children in Sunday school activities in Maidstone, Kent. PHOTOGRAPH: MALCOLM GANDERTON

"I have spoken to a lot of people and they don't think there is anything irreligious about it. For us it is a matter of giving the customer choice. If it is a success we would hope to do it at other stores."

It is also about good marketing. Parents taking their children to the service were using the opportunity for an indulgent shop. "We've just spent more than we would have normally," said John and

Linda Rogers, waiting to pick up their daughter Samantha. He said the idea was a good one. The supermarket was closer than the church for a start. There was also the issue

of credibility. "I don't think you'd get my daughter sitting in some old dark church hall on a Sunday morning. But to come to Tesco's and stand around the shop is something different."

Classic metal misfits spit out decibels of defiance at the venue from hell

Review

Adam Sweeting

Earl's Court

ALTHOUGH they have become one of the most notorious acts on the planet, trampling all records for album sales and concert grosses, Metallica have managed to cling to their underground roots.

In their 15-year career, they have risen from cult status with the Music For Nations label, and helped to invent that most user-unfriendly of

genres: speed-metal. In the process, they have built their fan-base from the ground upwards, relying on remorseless touring and shattering decibels rather than flashy videos or calculated hit singles.

They have learned a thing or two from touring the hyper-domes of their American homeland. In an effort to overcome the yawning gulf between the band and the fans at outsized gigs, Metallica invented the "Snake Pit", an on-stage enclosure in which punters could slam-dance within feet of the musicians.

This time, they are introducing a complicated sound-and-lights concept. Split into two separate stages in the centre of

the auditorium, it allows them to pop up at all points of the compass to address different sections of the crowd.

Even drummer Lars Ulrich has two kits to choose from. Just throw in a barrage of flash-bombs and flames shooting through the stage, plus steel lighting-gantries that look like carnivorous insects about to prey on the band members, and you could almost forget you were in grassroots Earl's Court — the venue from hell.

But the gadgetry is window dressing. If there's a simple reason for Metallica's massive success, it's that they have remained resolutely themselves. The bigger they have grown, the more stub-

bly defiant they have become. For this big London appearance, singer-songwriter-guitarist James Hetfield — one of the world's wealthiest rock'n'rollers — took the stage in scruffy black jeans and biker boots, spattered with mud.

With his moustache and feral leer, Hetfield looks like the kind of guy who gets up at dawn to hunt his own breakfast with a Bowie knife.

Metallica are classic misfits, and their pulverising chords and anguished, semi-literate lyrics are their revenge on a world that wished they'd go away. In their two-hours-plus show, the more accessible material (relatively speaking)

from their last two discs is mixed up with the traumatic riffs from early albums such as Kill 'Em All and Ride the Lightning.

If Hetfield indulges in something ballad-like like Nothing Else Matters, there's always a payoff in megawattage from guitarist Kirk Hammett and scowling bassist Jason Newsted.

The fake "emergency" at the end of Enter Sandman was a crass miscalculation — with roadies pretending to fall out of the rafters and a blazing stuntman running across the stage. But poor taste is the least of Metallica's worries. There is a noise that echoes round the world.

Cracks emerge in Major's Euro truce

Michael White Political Editor

JOHN Major's achievement in securing unity on Europe at last week's Conservative Party conference came under immediate strain yesterday when Sir Teddy Taylor, the western anti-European MP, described Sir James Goldsmith's Referendum Party as "a bright new party" which could be "very significant".

Like his fellow Eurosceptic MP, John Redwood, last week, Sir Teddy did not tell people to vote for Sir James. But he revealed a divided loyalty: "I'm almost terrified of getting in the position of being the next newspaper headline, of saying, 'Tory MP says vote against my colleagues'."

"I don't want to get involved in that, but it's up to every voter to do what they think is right."

Speaking on BBC1's On the Record, Sir Teddy said he had been European for 30 years and MP for Southend East — contradicted the official line when he predicted that Sir James's party could do well.

"If you have a bright new party with a new idea which is significant and important, my feeling is that, as the election campaign starts, I think it could 'boom'. It could have lift-off and be very significant indeed." He hoped its impact would persuade both sides to stage a referendum.

On the same programme, Sir James said Michael Heseltine's job that he could help elect Labour and then retreat overseas was a "trivial point". As to spending his way to power, "the fundamental question, if you analyse it, is: am I using my wealth to bend the normal democratic process? The answer is exactly the opposite."

"The European Commission spends over £200 million per annum in propaganda so as to bend the democratic process. It is pure propaganda. It has stifled the debate in the country so that we were giving up our sovereignty by default without a debate. Now, it needed a man with money to be able not to level the playing field but to start to put some balance into it."

To the suggestion that he was trying to buy power, Sir James replied: "Who for? Not for me. I'll resign the day we

have a referendum. The party will dissolve. It's in the statutes. Who am I trying to buy power for? If I'm trying to put money in? For you, to be able to vote on whether or not your nation continues."

After Mr Major's success in pulling his party behind the Cabinet's compromise over a single currency — no decision until after the General Election — MPs and activists are watching to see if the Bournemouth truce will hold.

Reports that he had told those urging him to appear before the European Parliament to "go and boil their heads" will please the sceptics. Sir James's party conference in Brighton next week will increase pressure. Yesterday he revealed he has devised a points system to decide which MPs to oppose on election day.

Such talk will reinforce claims that Sir James is not a political party but a rich man's whim, despite his description of it as a party of "free spirits, a large number of free men and women, a multiplicity of views".

Labour comment, page 5
Death and defection won't defeat Tories, page 9

France again faces winter of discontent over job cuts

Alex Duval Smith in Paris

FRANCE braced itself for a harsh winter of industrial discontent yesterday, with 30,000 workers from armaments industries marching through Paris over the weekend in advance of crippling strikes planned for Thursday.

Thursday's planned action across France is backed by civil servants, transport workers, defence industry workers and doctors.

With 10 trade unions calling for stoppages, the Socialist Party has appointed Harlem Désir, a former anti-racism campaigner, to coordinate "social action".

He said: "The anger is just as strong as it was in November and December last year. Even though the economic climate is poor, workers are not resigned to accepting it."

The public sector is critical of continued plans for job cuts as France's prime minister, Alain Juppé, attempts to streamline public spending and cut the deficit ahead of the European monetary union.

While planned defence cuts are expected to cause 70,000 lay-offs over the next four years, the growing protest movement by armaments workers has gone largely unnoticed, having been limited to provincial towns.

Many observers believe that the poor health of France's economy, including 12.5 per cent unemployment, militates against mass action.

Dunkerque diary, page 9

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Widow's peace to men of war in Ulster

From the mind-bogglingly happy to see a... to see a... W/ Stephen...

The shadow of the gunmen



'I can't see what more deaths are going to achieve apart from wrecking lives and leaving children without fathers'

Widow's plea for peace to the men of war in Ulster

David Sharrock, Ireland Correspondent

SADIE McGoldrick is rocking her 10-day-old baby in a living room festooned with congratulatory cards, flowers and balloons. It should be a time of pure joy, but there is a devastating emptiness. "It's just like turning the clock back because he looks so like Michael," she whispers. Four months ago Michael McGoldrick was murdered by loyalist paramilitaries in the most callous of circumstances. Drumcree fever was rising and he was a Catholic taxi driver chosen at random to be killed, apparently to make the brutal point that Orangemen have the right to walk wherever they want. The main loyalist groups denied responsibility, and their ceasefire held. But the UVF in Belfast expelled a number of members in Portadown, the town near Lurgan where Mr McGoldrick, his pregnant wife Sadie and their seven-year-old daughter, Emma, lived. The family is still there, minus the husband and father, a terrible reminder of the horror and grief which awaits every household in Northern Ireland if the men of war choose to pitch the province back into full-scale violence. Sadie has her small bundle of consolation: Andrew Michael. "Those were the names his daddy picked," says Sadie. "He said there were too many Michael McGoldricks already and then Andrew is the patron saint of Scotland." Michael was born and raised in Glasgow's Gorbals and met Sadie in Lurgan 12 years ago on one of his frequent family visits to Ulster. When they married and decided to settle in Northern Ireland, his parents, originally from there, decided to follow them back. "They were happy, Michael studying English and politics at Queens University in Belfast, planning a new career as a teacher. They were happier still when Sadie fell pregnant again this year. "Michael always said a boy would be the icing on his cake." Then it happened, one Sunday evening in Lurgan. He only worked weekends as a taxi driver and was on the point of giving it up, worried about Sadie on her own at night. "The week before he died he was decorating the baby's room. Now I'm glad because everything Andrew's going into Michael had seen." She can remember every detail of the day he died, how the Sunday dinner table had been dominated by Michael's promise to take Emma to see Walt Disney's Hunchback of Notre Dame. One day they would all go to Disneyworld together and he had even painted a jar for Emma to begin collecting all her spare change for the trip, labelled "Emma's Disney money". The previous week Michael had been awarded a second-class honours degree at Queens. There was so much to feel good about, even if there was a bit of local trouble because of the Orange parade at Drumcree, a few miles away. "I was always worried about him but he never was. He'd say 'sure, who'd want to hurt a big daft Scotch fella?'" At seven in the morning she finally got a message on her husband's mobile phone saying it was switched off. "That must have been when the police found him..." "I knew something had happened and my blood sort of ran cold. When I finally got the confirmation at 9am instinct told me, I didn't really need it confirmed. You just know it. My first thought was 'God, he wasn't even Irish.' He had the broadest Scottish accent and always talked to everybody even if they didn't talk back." At his funeral Michael's father movingly told his killers that he forgave them. "Bury your pride," he told the paramilitaries, politicians and Orangemen. Sadie says she cannot feel the same way. "All I felt then was this awful loss. It didn't matter to me why they did it. The fact was he was gone and nothing was going to bring him back. I have no hatred, I have anger, it's only natural. But when they took Michael's life they took mine as well because everything we did, we did together." With a baby newly born into Northern Ireland at a moment when all hope seems to have drained away and the gunmen and bombers on both sides stand ready to resume their futile war, Sadie wants them to stop and reflect. "If they could only see the devastation that they leave behind and the lives that they wreck, they must never have known love to be able to destroy someone's life and take away love. Michael's death has altered nothing. I can't see at all what it has achieved for the people who did it." "And I honestly can't see what any more deaths are going to achieve apart from wrecking people's lives and breaking up homes and leaving children without their fathers." The living room has Michael's graduation photographs on the wall and his degree certificate to remind



Sadie McGoldrick: 'I have no hatred, I have anger, it's only natural'. Top left, Michael McGoldrick PHOTOGRAPH: PAUL FAITH

Andrew of the father he never knew. For Emma it will be more difficult. "There are times she'll not leave my side and she's watching my face and then she's saying 'mummy, don't be crying.' She'll be wiping away my tears and saying 'mummy, I know it's hard but you mustn't cry.' She shouldn't be drying her mummy's tears, it's just so cruel." The Disney jar has lost its magnetic pull. "When I said to her, what do you think about going to Disneyworld, shall we go? She said no, not now, without Daddy. Michael loved children. One time he picked Emma out of her bed even though she was asleep and took her outside to show her the stars. And Emma said to me 'I'll have to remember to tell my baby brother all the things that my daddy told me.'" Everywhere she turns Sadie is reminded of her loss. "You never get over it, it's just a matter of learning how best you can live with it. But it's frightening that there could be more people who will have to go through this."

Hospital in cash crisis bars many elderly

David Brindle, Social Services Correspondent

A HOSPITAL has closed its doors to emergency patients over the age of 75 from half its local area in an attempt to survive a "crisis" in its services. Hillingdon hospital, in west London, has told family doctors in north Hillingdon that it cannot accept emergency referrals of elderly patients. The move is the most drastic measure taken in the health service as hospitals across the country are widely predicted to be a difficult winter. Doctors are increasingly alarmed. Mitch Garvin, who chairs the Hillingdon local medical committee, representing the area's general practitioners, said: "It's looking as though this is going to be an extremely bad winter for Hillingdon, as GPs try to get their patients into beds." The development comes days after leaders of Britain's medical consultants warned of hospital services coming "close to collapse". The Prime Minister promised to continue above-inflation NHS funding rises, but offered no extra money this year. Hillingdon hospital trust says its ability to provide acute care has been hit by soaring demand and difficulty in discharging elderly patients. Hospitals cannot send patients home until social services departments have assessed their needs and arranged services. The problem has been compounded, the letter says, by the unexpectedly high number of admissions of elderly patients from north Hillingdon. Mount Vernon hospital, in nearby Northwood, helps serve north Hillingdon, but lost its full-scale casualty department in April. Hillingdon hospital says that although this should not have affected elderly care services, it has since been admitting elderly patients from the northern area in "disproportionately high numbers". Philip Brown, the trust's chief executive, said in the letter these were the patients who took the longest to discharge due to the crisis in social services funding putting a huge strain on the rest of the services. The hospital stopped accepting GP referrals last Tuesday for emergency admission of patients aged over 75 who are residents of Ruislip, Eastcote, Northwood and Harefield. Many elderly patients are clinically ready for discharge but awaiting community care arrangements. Mr Brown told the Guardian that 30-35 of his hospital's 300 acute beds were blocked in this way. The rate of discharges cleared by social services had been almost four times as great last year as now, Mr Brown said. "We are talking to both social services and the health authority about how we can deal with this situation of acute beds being unavailable to support our accident and emergency department." The partial bar on over-75s was regretted and would be lifted as soon as possible. Meanwhile, "if somebody arrives at our door, we are certainly not going to turn them away." The hospital's move has brought an angry response from Hillingdon social services, which claims the community care issue is being used as a smokescreen for NHS problems. Dawn Warwick, acting social services director, said: "We refuse to be blamed for the difficulties Hillingdon hospital finds itself in." The real issues were the closure of Mount Vernon's accident and emergency department and a cut in hospital bed numbers. To ease the difficulties, social services had last week opened extra beds in its own residential homes and had arranged the discharge of seven elderly patients "over and above our usual quota", Ms Warwick said. David Panter, chief executive of Hillingdon health authority, said: "We are obviously unhappy about the situation, but we understand the pressures on the hospital. We cannot stress too much that we are trying to solve the problems." "We are confident that patients who require emergency admission will receive the care they need, even though it may not be at Hillingdon."

World warning over antibiotics

Helen Nowicka

THE worldwide increase in human resistance to antibiotic drugs is causing a "public health problem of potentially crisis proportions", doctors from more than 20 countries will hear next week. A meeting of the World Medical Association is to discuss limiting the availability of antibiotics to counter the growing problem of resistant "superbugs". The problem stems from overprescribing antibiotics, their widespread use in farming as feed additives to ensure animals gain weight, and

their availability in some countries without a prescription. In a motion to be debated at the WMA conference in South Africa, the American Medical Association calls for research into the use of the drugs and for wider public education about their effects. The World Health Organisation and individual governments are asked to take a more active monitoring role. The paper is supported by the British Medical Association, whose chairman, Dr Sandy Macara, described the growing resistance as "a health problem. There is a real prospect that the majority of our antibiotics could become impotent for the purposes on which we have relied upon them for 40 years," he said. "It is dangerous to British people because it is happening here to some extent. We are not as careful as we ought to be in using antibiotics, although on the whole we are pretty good at it and are educated about the risks." Doctors in Gloucester believe they have found evidence of a link between meningitis and the overuse of antibiotics after comparing prescribing patterns in areas of high and low incidence of the disease. In towns with meningitis clusters, where the disease was nine times more common than in low incidence communities, they found almost 50 per cent more prescriptions for antibiotics. Dr Macara said he agreed with the doctors' findings. "I would be surprised if it were otherwise. I am not in any doubt." Last winter saw the worst outbreak of meningitis in Britain for 20 years, with the Office for National Statistics recording 835 cases between October and March. Another bad winter is forecast. A spokesman for the Department of Health said there was no evidence of an impending crisis with antibiotic usage in Britain, adding: "People should be reassured."

Actress Beryl Reid dies, aged 76

By Victoria Clark

ONE of Britain's finest and most versatile actresses, Beryl Reid, died in hospital early yesterday aged 76. A victim of osteoporosis, she had recently undergone an operation on her knees but contracted pneumonia a week later. Robert Luff, her agent for 30 years, said: "She had been recovering well since the operation about a month ago. I was hoping she'd be starting work again soon." Actress Barbara Windsor mourned her as "one of the greatest and the best," and actor Ian Bannen, who worked with her on the TV version of Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy, remembered her as "absolutely wonderful but the only thing she couldn't do was read - she was dyslexic". Reid, the daughter of plain-speaking Scottish parents, attributed her hugely successful six-decade career to a simple principle: "I've got only one method as an actress and that's to try and make things a little bit more accurate than anyone else." Researching her parts was straightforward: "I start from the shoes and work up."

Without any formal training she progressed from music hall, through radio soap opera, to the National Theatre and regular television appearances. She will be especially remembered for her work with Alec Guinness in Tinker, Tailor, in the 1960s, as the grandmother in the Secret Diary of Adrian Mole, Aged 13½, and for her leading role in the West End hit, The Killing of Sister George. She was awarded an OBE in 1985. Six years later she won a Lifetime Achievement Award for Comedy. **Obituaries, page 10**



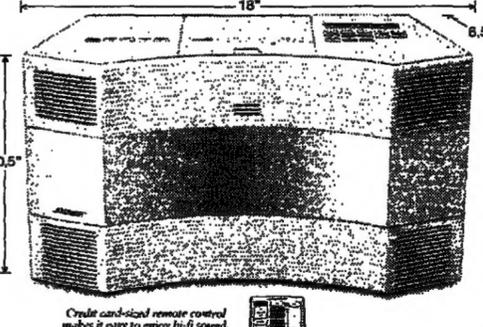
Beryl Reid... from music hall to National Theatre

From the perspective of the 1990s, it seems mind-boggling that schoolmasters would happily bus a gaggle of adolescent males to see a show that proposed rape as a lark. W Stephen Gilbert on Lock Up Your Daughters

Arts, G2 page 12

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Kamal Ahmed on a dispute over fostering

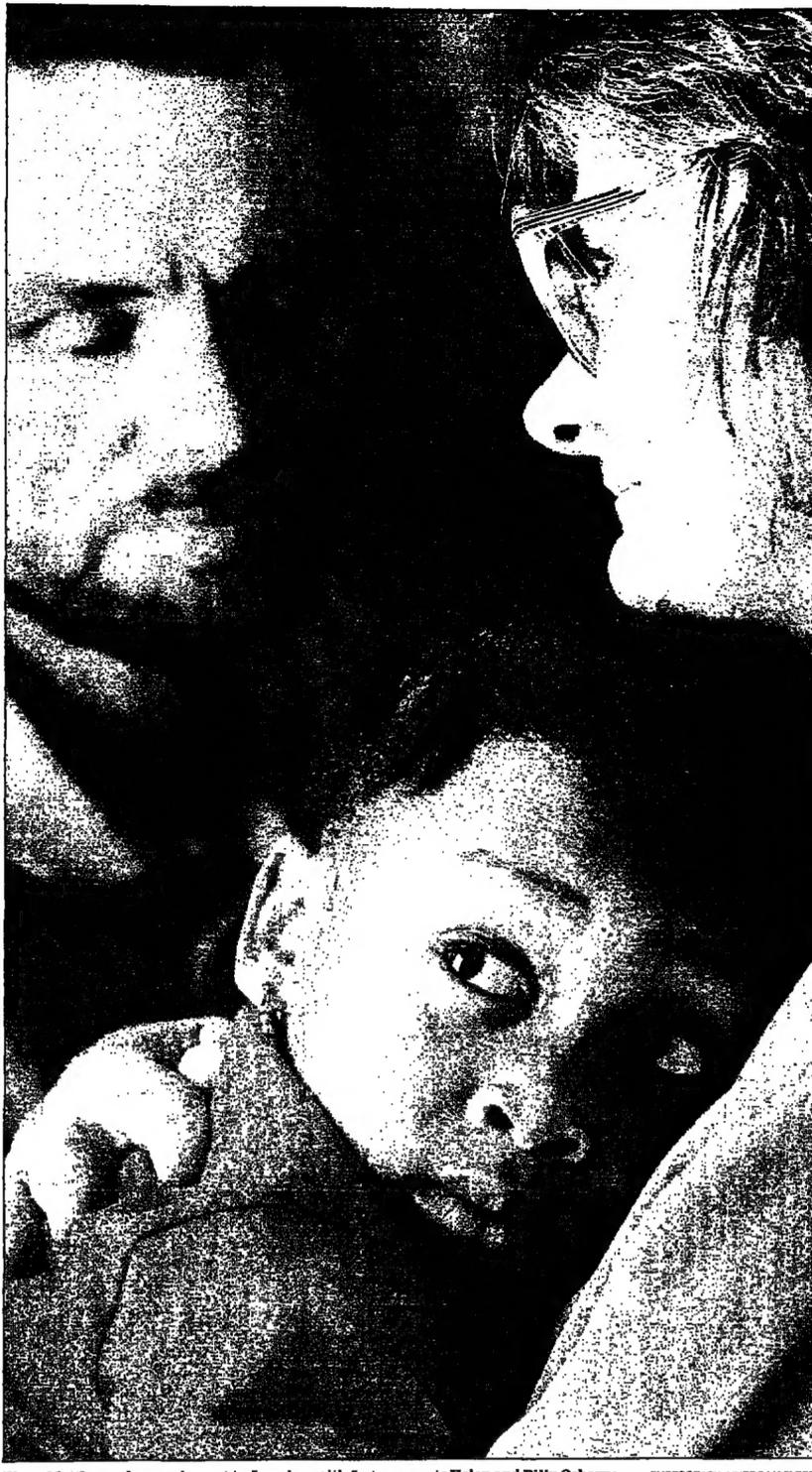
British life 'may harm' girl, 4

FOUR-YEAR-OLD black child who has lived her whole life in Britain faces deportation to Jamaica with her mother...

Ms Matthan, who is from Jamaica, said it was always understood Fiona would be returned to her once she completed her sentence...

Ms Osborne, aged 40, and Ms Matthan first met when they lived as neighbours on a council estate in Hackney, east London...

Ms Osborne said the length of time Fiona was left with her became longer and longer until it was "more or less a full-time arrangement"...



Fiona Matthan, who may be sent to Jamaica, with foster parents Helen and Billy Osborne

News in brief

Donor service needs more resources

CAMPAIGNERS yesterday called on the Government to provide more cash for life-saving organ transplants...

'Shrink' watchdog urged

A STATUTORY council to prevent "cowboy" psychologists from abusing patients should be set up with legal powers...

M15 to fight 'serious crime'

M15 will have the power for the first time to combat "serious crime", hitherto the task of the police...

Man bailed after scuffle

A MAN arrested following the death of pensioner who had a heart attack after a scuffle in a supermarket car park...

Cannabis found in prison

STAFF at a prison in Norfolk have been issued with pictures of cannabis plants after one was unearthed during a routine search...

Atlas goes on line

THE first interactive atlas which will put Britain at the fingertips of personal computer users is being launched on Wednesday...

£10m lottery jackpot for one

ONE ticket netted the £10.6 million jackpot in the 100th National Lottery draw. The winning numbers were 25, 15, 45, 16, 39, 30 with bonus number 14.

Entertainments & Travel

THEATRE LONDON section listing various plays and theatres including Wyndham's Theatre, Lyric Theatre, and others.

THEATRE LONDON section listing various plays and theatres including the Reduced Shakespeare Company, An Inspector Calls, and others.

THEATRE LONDON section listing various plays and theatres including Best Musical, Blood Brothers, and others.

THEATRE LONDON section listing various plays and theatres including Royal Shakespeare Company, Swan Lake, and others.

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Entertainments & Travel advertisement for Markson Entertainment, featuring phone numbers and contact information for various services.

Saddam's Kurdish foes retake city

David Hirst in Beirut

AN overnight offensive has thrown the Western-protected Kurdish enclave of northern Iraq into renewed turmoil, anti-Baghdad Kurds yesterday recaptured the eastern city of Sulaymaniyah only a month after losing it to a Kurdish faction then aligned with President Saddam Hussein.

By dawn yesterday, Jalal Talabani's Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK) was in complete control of the city, after the withdrawal of Massoud Barzani's Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP), which had captured it with President Saddam's help.

In Baghdad, the Iraqi leader chaired a meeting of his revolutionary command council to discuss the development.

Only a month ago it looked as if the PUK had suffered a massive, even terminal, defeat. Sulaymaniyah, Mr Talabani's political stronghold, had fallen with barely a shot fired. For the first time, virtually the whole of "liberated" Kurdistan came under a single leadership. An era of relative stability seemed to have dawned.

With the reconquest of the city, Mr Talabani has achieved an astonishing reversal. But unless he secures the kind of swift and overwhelming victory that his rival briefly did, he will plunge the enclave back into chaos.

With Turkey bent on establishing a "security zone" along its frontier, Iran having demonstrated its interventionist ambitions, and Mr Barzani again seeking external support, the internal

Baghdad's vanquished allies now appeal to West against 'Iranian invasion' as Talabani reconquers Sulaymaniyah

Kurdish struggle lends itself more than ever to exploitation by regional powers. The United States may soon face critical decisions about the enclave's future, and the gains which President Saddam will seek there.

Mr Talabani's comeback began late last week, when his fighters — those who had not fled to Iran — ambushed a KDP convoy and destroyed 100 vehicles. Mr Barzani took personal command of his forces in the Sulaymaniyah area. But after three abortive counter-offensives, he had to order a general withdrawal.

According to the KDP, Tehran's army shelled the city with artillery and Katyusha rockets, and Iranian Revolutionary Guards have entered it alongside the PUK.

But a United Nations official in the city said it had been seized with ease: "It is just another day. The KDP is out and the PUK is in."

The PUK forces are now said to be advancing swiftly towards Irbil, the "capital" of the Kurdish enclave. Ahmad Shalabi, head of the Iraqi National Congress, the Iraqi opposition group whose Kurdish-based operations were devastated by Baghdad's attack on Irbil, said: "Massoud [Barzani] is now in real danger."

Clearly, Mr Talabani poses a threat to Mr Barzani's head-

quarters at Salahuddin, in the hills above Irbil. But he may also seek to push the KDP out of its heartlands, aiming for complete mastery of Kurdistan and unrivalled leadership of the national struggle.

During Mr Barzani's brief spell in control, he pledged to resume the national tasks interrupted by civil war: to build a strong administration and a single "national" army, hold free and fair elections, root out corruption and revive a shattered economy.

He made light of the "temporary alliance" with President Saddam, thinking he could secure renewed Western backing, despite being alarmed by noises from

Washington. The secretary of state for near eastern affairs, Robert Pelletreau, said that while President Bush may have vowed to protect the Kurdish enclave, "it has not been the policy of this administration" to defend it against Iraqi aggression.

But KDP officials said the West had everything to gain from the establishment of a strong, single rule in the enclave, which could withstand the exploitation by regional powers — Turkey, Iran or Iraq — that led to last month's crisis.

Mr Barzani had what he called a "very productive" meeting with Mr Pelletreau in Ankara, and the KDP was

due to send a delegation to Washington soon. In return for effective Western support, Mr Barzani would refrain from entering into a long-term "political" deal with President Saddam.

All of a sudden, the West cannot help him. Mr Pelletreau said: "We have no commitment to protect [the Kurds] against their own bad judgement if they invite Saddam in."

Only President Saddam, with ground troops in the vicinity, can do anything for Mr Barzani, and the KDP leader's new predicament offers the Iraqi leader dramatic opportunities.

It was a threat to the KDP's existence that prompted Mr Barzani to turn to Baghdad in the first place. He must deem that threat even greater now. That is why he is so desperately playing up the spectre of



The "Iranian peril" whether real or imaginary. In a plea to the world, he said yesterday that to counter the Iranian "invasion", he would accept "any aid from any quarter".

Granddads' army spike Dole's guns

Jonathan Freedland in Sunny Isles, Florida

IFE in Florida follows a fairly strict routine if you are old. Tuesday night is bingo, Friday night offers dancing, there is a show on Saturday, and on Sunday a film.

And when it comes to voting, you follow the advice written on your "palmcard", a hand-sized slip of paper naming the candidate recommended by your local pensioners' political action committee.

On November 5 the palmcards in Sunny Isles will have one name at the top — Bill Clinton.

In Condo Canyon, a cluster of blocks of flats for senior citizens along southern Florida's east coast, older Americans will desert the candidates of their own generation — the 73-year-old Republican Bob Dole — and back a man young enough to be their son.

It is one of the more striking surprises of the 1996 campaign: older voters are more hostile to Mr Dole than any other age group, favouring Mr Clinton by 54 points to 34.

A new poll shows one in 10 of those under 34 in Florida think Mr Dole is too old to be president but one in three of the over-50s think the same.

"I'm about the same age as Dole," said Marion Osborne at the bowling alley. "I know I'm not capable of doing the things I used to. To run this country, you need someone a little younger."

America's "seniors" are troubled not just by Mr Dole's age but by his plans. The Democrats and trade unions have been running advertisements in Florida for nearly six months accusing the Republicans of wanting to slash Medicare, the government-run health insurance scheme for the elderly.

"Without it we couldn't get

along. We're not rich people," said Sylvia Schanker, aged 77, originally from Brooklyn and one of the hundreds of thousands who have flocked to Florida for its warm climate and low taxes.

Mrs Schanker knows that a single unsubsidised prescription could cost up to \$100 and that without Medicare she would have to turn to her children for financial help.

She says she moved to the Avila Condominium in Sunny Isles 23 years ago because her husband's asthma was aggravated by the New York air. Florida has improved his health, and she thinks only Mr Clinton will keep him well.

"At our stage of the game, all we have left is our dignity," said Marvin Manning, president of the Avila residents' association. Old people still remember Herbert Hoover and the hard times of the 1930s, he said.

"People can't forget Republicans are the party of the Depression, and the Democrats got us out of it."

Mr Manning, aged 70, plays a key role in condo culture; he is a civic organiser, delivering the votes of his neighbours in the fashion of old-time American machine politics.

In the argot of Florida politics, he is a condo commando. This week it meets in the same chamber as the state assembly, where it will vote on bills which the real legislature will feel compelled to pass.

Pensioners, it is claimed, put more money into the Florida economy than agriculture or tourism. As Mr Manning likes to remind visiting candidates, old people vote, while their children stay home.

The result is that the over-65s usually get their way: their federal funds remain intact even when money for the young is cut.

The old folks want Mr Clinton to keep it that way — and make sure that life in Sunny Isles stays sunny.

FREE Party Time!

Jesus said, "When you give a dinner or a banquet, don't invite your friends and family and relatives and rich neighbours. If you do, they will invite you in return, and you will be paid back. When you give a feast, invite the poor, the crippled, the lame, and the blind. They cannot pay you back. But God will bless you and reward you when his people rise from death." (Luke 14:12-14)

If you would like to read more of the radical things Jesus said and did, use the coupon below to send for your FREE copy of the life of Jesus Christ, in a brand new, easy-to-read translation. This new translation has recently been awarded the Crystal Mark of the Plain English Society for its ease of understanding. No-one will contact you further unless you request it.

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Vanessa Sosa, aged 7, from Mexico, joined tens of thousands of Hispanic demonstrators in Washington on Saturday at a rally against welfare and immigration reforms which they believe discriminate against them. The protesters want simpler citizenship procedures and a \$7 minimum wage. PHOTOGRAPH: JOSE MAGANA

Poachers set back drive to protect Mexico's hapless night visitors

Molly Moore in Escobilla, Mexico

THE night of the full moon in late August was most inauspicious for the thousands of olive ridley sea turtles that heaved their cumbersome bodies on to Escobilla beach in search of a safe place to deposit their eggs.

That night — one of the most important of the year for turtle nesting here — guerrillas attacked the centre of a nearby tourist resort, drawing marines away from their sentry posts at one of the country's largest turtle preserves.

Word raced through nearby fishing villages. Within hours 200 poachers descended. They scooped hundreds of thousands of eggs the size of ping-pong balls from the sand and butchered untold numbers of exhausted female turtles as they flailed frantically back towards the sea.

"It's a catastrophe for the turtles," said Homero Arid-

jis, president of the Group of 100 environmental body in Mexico City. Endangered sea turtles have been protected by law since 1990. The August massacre was a big setback for researchers at the nearby turtle-preservation centre in Oaxaca state.

"I felt horrible — sad, angry and disappointed," said the biologist Javier Vasconcelos Pérez, director

of the National Mexican Turtle Centre. "The people on the coast just don't understand the need to protect the turtles."

Mexico's coastlines provide some of the most important nesting grounds in the world, used by seven of the world's eight types of sea turtles. But Mexico has an impoverished populace, rapidly escalating commercial development and lax

enforcement of its environmental laws. For centuries local people have considered turtle eggs an aphrodisiac, and poverty drives them to the soup and the sizzle which is sold to make illicit boots, wallets and purses.

Oaxaca, where on August 28 the newly emerged Popular Revolutionary Army launched its largest attack

yet, is one of the most neglected states. It is here that the olive ridley turtles, which weigh about 88lb, flounder out of the ocean several times a year to bury their eggs.

All eight varieties of sea turtles are protected by the Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species. Environmentalists say it is crucial to protect turtles, among few remain-

ing species that lived before the dinosaurs. Even without poachers, survival rates are low. Turtle eggs are vulnerable to attack by fly larvae, fungi, crabs, dogs and birds.

Until the 1960s, villagers harvested only enough turtles to sustain their families. But an explosion in international demand for turtle leather and shell accessories transformed them into a source of income.

The town of Mazuntle, near Escobilla, was built on the turtle business in the 1970s. Environmentalists estimate that in 1989, at the height of the trade, 35,000 olive ridley turtles were slaughtered — more than a quarter of the 120,000 olive ridley population believed to exist in Mexico today.

The impact of the 1990 ban on Escobilla beach was almost immediate. Researchers estimate that the number of turtle nests increased from 50,000 in 1988 to nearly 700,000 last year. — Washington Post.

Peru jails 'unfriendly' general

Jane Diaz-Llana in Lima

THE imprisonment of a former general on drug charges and the adoption of a law limiting Peruvians' constitutional rights have revived accusations that President Alberto Fujimori's government is sweeping aside democratic guarantees.

General Jaime Rios was jailed for 15 years on Friday, convicted of aiding the self-confessed drug trafficker Demetrio Chavez, who was given 25 years.

accused of taking payments for drug airlifts and accepting supplies for his men from local authorities involved in drug trafficking. His lawyer immediately asked for a supreme court appeal, saying that the sentence was "political revenge".

The trial gained notoriety when Chavez accused the intelligence service chief, Vladimir Montesinos, of taking pay-offs in return for protecting his jungle drug operations.

Later a visibly debilitated Chavez retracted the allegations. Chavez's lawyer claimed his client had been coerced.

In a newspaper interview last month, Rios said that he was on trial for being no friend of the army commander in chief, Nicolas Hermoza, who is a close ally of Mr Montesinos.

Rios had protested against the treatment of the officers who led an aborted coup in November 1992, trying to overturn President Fujimori's dissolution of congress. Rios also refused to sign a document denouncing as a "traitor" General Rodolfo Robles, then third in command of the army.

Meanwhile, congress has passed a bill to hinder efforts to call a referendum on hold-

ing a third presidential election, in 2000. The new law apparently overrules the national electoral board.

It restricts the constitutional right of 10 per cent of voters to call a referendum on any subject of national concern.

The 1993 constitution says that a petition of 1.2 million people is sufficient to call a referendum, but the new law says it must have the support of 40 MPs, a figure that the opposition would have difficulty achieving.

News in brief

Hutus flee Zaire camp

About 20,000 Burundian Hutu refugees fled their camp in eastern Zaire yesterday after it was attacked by armed men, believed to be Tutsis, who killed four of them, aid sources said.

"There are some 20,000 on the move, heading north to other camps further away from Uvira town," one source said. — Reuters.

Royal rescue

The Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah paid the bill yesterday for a Palestinian refugee, Nabil Refail, aged 33, in Sidon, Lebanon, who threatened to sell his seven-year-old son to pay for his father's medical expenses. — Reuters.

Khmer defectors

About 300 Khmer Rouge guerrillas were formally inducted into the Cambodian armed forces yesterday. The joint defence minister, Tea Banh, presided over the ceremony at which defectors were given

food, medicine and two sets of army uniforms. — Reuters.

Kidnap hunt

Police were still searching for Jakob Fissmann, a Frankfurt businessman, three days after his brother paid a four million mark (\$2 million) ransom to kidnapers. — Reuters.

Child sex lobby

About 1,000 people demonstrated outside Belgium's highest court in support of the judge and magistrate leading inquiries into the child sex abuse case. — Reuters.

Algerian clashes

Security forces killed 12 Muslim guerrillas in Algiers after an eight-hour gunbattle around a villa used as a hideout. An Algerian newspaper, el Watan, reported. — Reuters.

Pricey Paris

High costs in France are forcing the International Herald Tribune to think about relocating to the United States, the newspaper's executive editor, Michael Getler, confirmed yesterday. — AP.

COMPETITION IS GREAT FOR BUSINESS. SO COME ON BT. BE A BIT MORE COMPETITIVE. It seems BT are pulling their punches. OK, they cut prices last week. But Mercury will still be substantially cheaper. For details. FreeCall 0500 800 125. MERCURY. It doesn't cost anything to talk. FreeCall 0500 800 125. Prices and savings compared against BT's basic rate. Run to 6pm, weekdays. Calls are subject to a maximum charge of 4.2p. Clockwork savings are available for a subscription fee of £7.50 per quarter. All prices quoted as VAT.

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Bombay devours its citizens

Asia's economic growth has spawned sprawling super-cities. In the first of a series on Bombay, Suzanne Goldenberg examines the effects

IT IS the city of dreams, and cold hard cash: an ever-growing megalopolis which gobbles up space like a great, hungry beast. The only things that count in Bombay are land and people who get in the way of turning it into profit.

In the early 1990s property prices rose higher than Tokyo and the stockbroker was king. Politicians boasted that they would make Bombay — or Mumbai as it is officially renamed this year — into a new Hong Kong or Singapore.

Now the boom has bust. Property prices have tumbled 30 per cent from the dizzying highs of two years ago — although a studio flat in a distant northern suburb can still fetch 2 million rupees (\$27,000), beyond the imagination of most residents.

The Bombay Stock Exchange is so moribund that 15 per cent of its brokers have shut up shop. But the growth of Bombay is apparently unstoppable. There are more than 14.5 million people in its greater metropolitan region, and officials estimate that it will have 22 million by 2011.

A few people are lured to the city by the glamour of Bollywood films, but most migrants are hungry peasants desperate for work. They are not coming here in search of Eldorado, they are coming here in search of a square meal.



THE forces of the former Afghan government military chief Ahmed Shah Massoud took a second town north of Kabul, informed sources said yesterday. They said Charikar, a 90-

minute drive from the capital, fell late on Saturday after five hours of fierce fighting between Commander Massoud's forces and the Taliban, the fundamentalist Islamic militia

which drove him from the capital two weeks ago. It fell some hours after Cmr Massoud took Jabal-Saraj, the town where the Taliban had their headquarters, at the mouth of

the Salang Pass through the Hindu Kush mountains. Charikar was peaceful for most of yesterday, but local people expected a Taliban counter-attack, the sources said.

The fall of the two towns is a serious setback for the Taliban, who are also facing raids by Cmr Massoud's forces and his allies nearer Kabul which have cut both roads to the north.

Meanwhile, refugees (above) fled fighting on Saturday in the village of Qulai Murad Baig, six miles north of Kabul. — Reuters.

China turns screw on dissidents

HARSH treatment of a leading Chinese dissident has been revealed as Beijing takes new steps to tighten political controls. The veteran protester Wei Jingsheng is in an unheated cell with six common criminals who keep watch over him 24 hours a day. He is only allowed to write self-criticisms and one letter a month.



Wei Jingsheng: Cellmates constantly harass him

Burundi strongman backs down but neighbours keep sanctions

BURUNDI'S Hutu military leader has bowed to regional sanctions and agreed to unconditional negotiations with Hutu rebels. But a weekend summit of east African presidents remained suspicious of Major Pierre Buyoya's assurances, declining to lift their blockade until talks are irreversible on course toward resolving Burundi's civil strife.

Ten weeks after seizing power vowing there would be no negotiation with Hutu rebels until they laid down their weapons, Maj Buyoya made the concession which many Hutus argue will eventually lead to their extermination but Hutus say is the only path to peace.

The continuation of sanctions was a snub to the United States secretary of state, Warren Christopher, who pressed the regional leaders to ease them when he met them the day before the summit. US and European diplomats argue that the hard line by regional powers leaves Maj Buyoya little room for manoeuvre and plays into the hands of the most extreme Hutus.

Major Pierre Buyoya and his army are arsonists pretending to be firemen. The book has caused a row in Norway because of false reports that it accused Lie, who died in 1968, of being a paid agent of Israel. "I never say that," Mr Tveit said. — Jon Henley, Helsinki.

Potential PMs lure kingmaker

THE man who will decide the future of the New Zealand government took off on a fishing trip yesterday, as his party angled for the best deal from potential coalition partners.

Winston Peters, leader of the nationalist New Zealand First party, now has the role of kingmaker after New Zealand's general election on Saturday, the first fought under proportional representation.

Deadly virus returns

THE Ebola virus has surfaced for the fifth time in 18 months, claiming seven lives so far in the African country of Gabon.

US crime success

THE United States murder rate in 1995 was the lowest in a decade, the FBI said, while overall violent crime — including rape, robbery and aggravated assault — fell to its lowest since 1989.

UN chief 'aided Israel'

THE first United Nations secretary-general, Trygve Lie (right), worked tirelessly and in secret to help the emerging state of Israel throughout his term in office, a prize-winning Norwegian journalist claims in a book to be published tomorrow.

Island premier killed

THE premier of the violence-torn Papua New Guinea island of Bougainville has been assassinated, robbing the province of one of its strongest voices for peace, the PNG government said yesterday.

Austria's far-right soars in EU poll

SUPPORT for Austria's Social Democrats slumped to an historic low in a European Parliament election yesterday, as the far-right soared to a record high, computer projections showed.

The Social Democrats of the chancellor, Franz Vranitzky, won 29.7 per cent of the vote, the same as their government coalition partner, the conservative People's Party. Computer projections by Austrian state television showed the far-right Freedom Party at 28.1 per cent.

'Free Vanunu' calls

MORDECHAI VANUNU's supporters appealed for his freedom yesterday, 10 years after Israel jailed him for spilling nuclear secrets to a British newspaper.

They gathered for a two-day international conference beginning in Tel Aviv today in support of the former nuclear technician, aged 42, jailed as a traitor but hailed by anti-nuclear activists.

Greek Cypriot shot dead

TURKISH Cypriot forces yesterday shot dead a Greek Cypriot who crossed into the north of the divided island, British and Turkish officials said. Three Greek Cypriots and one Turkish Cypriot have now been killed along the buffer zone since tension rose in August.

A Cypriot government spokesman called the killing "cold-blooded murder". The shooting happened near the eastern end of the buffer zone, close to territory controlled by British military bases.

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Israel First alleges that Lie, a former Norwegian foreign minister and the UN secretary-general from 1946 to 1952, began secretly meeting future Israeli officials and handing them classified information in 1947, a year before the state of Israel was proclaimed.

Island premier killed

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Theodore Miringu, head of the government-backed Bougainville transitional government, was shot on Saturday in front of his family by at least two gunmen in the south of the copper-rich island, the government said.

Deadly virus returns

THE Ebola virus has surfaced for the fifth time in 18 months, claiming seven lives so far in the African country of Gabon.

"It looks like the outbreak has been going on since July... in a chain of slow transmission," said Dr David Heymann, head of the World Health Organisation's emerging-diseases programme in Geneva. WHO scientists left Geneva on Friday, bound for a remote rain forest area near the town of Boule, in central Gabon.

US crime success

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President Clinton said: "Our strategy — to put more police on the streets while working to get drugs, gangs and guns out of our neighbourhoods — is working." — Mark Tran, New York.

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The elusive prize is EMU

But it needs a social revolution

THE MOST important economic decision of the 20th century will have to be made within the next year: whether Britain should in principle join the rest of Europe in monetary union complete with a common currency (EMU) or stay out. Neither Labour nor the Conservatives can talk sensibly at the moment. The Tories are afraid of tearing themselves apart. Labour, while also fearful that submerged splits will come to the surface, is scared that if it adopts a single currency it would give the Tories an opportunity to fight the election on a xenophobic "Save our pound" campaign. Instead, the party is planning to delay a decision on the grounds that it doesn't want to be sidetracked by any economic "shocks" during the first years in office.

The proper course for Britain is constructive delay. Not the political pusillanimity that forces the main parties to do the right thing for the wrong reason but a purposive postponement enabling us to be a forceful part of the decision-making machinery and retaining a genuine option to join without being forced to exercise it for the immediate future. There are powerful reasons for this. Most important, we simply don't know whether this untried EMU project will galvanise our economy or pulverise it. If we could be sure that monetary union will deliver what its protagonists claim — lower interest rates, better pensions, an end to currency turmoil, transactions costs of exchanging money eliminated and economic growth boosted by 0.5 per cent — we would happily sign tomorrow. Sure, we would lose "sovereignty" but few would care if we merely exchanged our freedom to make gross macroeconomic mistakes (like the two gargantuan recessions of the 1980s) for a share in European sovereignty delivering stronger growth and lower unemployment.

There is — say — a 25 per cent chance that EMU will bring economic nirvana. But there is also a similar chance that it will bring disaster with heavy unemployment if Britain is unable to shake off her historic propensity to pay more in wages relative to other countries than is justified by productivity. No one likes devaluation. We would all like to be getting 10 French francs to the pound again. But until now (and particularly at the time of Black Wednesday in 1992) the right to devalue has proved a vital option to hale ourselves out of an uncompetitive situation which would otherwise have led to years of higher unemployment.

It must be right to wait and see whether the project works for others before irrevocably committing ourselves. France has linked her currency to the German mark in a mini-monetary union at enormous cost (miserable growth and unemployment still running at over 12.5 per cent). At the very least we should wait to see whether France, which has a much longer record of low inflation than the UK, emerges stronger from monetary purgatory before jumping into the flames ourselves. Let those countries wanting EMU much more strongly and driven by a demonic political agenda (whose economies happen to be more suited to union than the historically inflation-prone UK with its volatile oil sector) is get on with it while we watch and wait.

There is another reason for waiting. Once the "euro" is adopted by the core group of pioneer countries, it will almost certainly become a second *de facto* currency for the UK. International corporations will immediately adopt it for their loans: farmers will be paid in it and exporters will receive it in payment for their products. Travellers going to France will use euro-denominated plastic cards, savers will want some of their money to be lodged in the new "strong" currency and others will want Euro-denominated mortgages. It won't be long before the likes of Tesco and Sainsbury, helped by advances in electronic money, accept the euro in their stores. Some trade unions may even bargain to be paid in Euros. The existence of a parallel currency will also act as a discipline for the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the conduct of monetary policy. In this way people can vote individually — as consumers — whether they want the euro before the Government asks them nationally through a referendum.

None of this need prevent Britain from playing a leading role in the negotiations to establish the single currency including re-joining the ERM. As long as this is done at a realistic rate of exchange it will act as an essential training ground for possible full membership. What we must never again do is to repeat the dreadful and avoidable mistake of joining a fixed exchange rate mechanism (as we did with the ERM) at an overvalued rate of exchange in the misbegotten hope that this would force us to cure bad habits built up over a century. It should be the other way round. We must change our habits fundamentally. That applies whether we wish to join EMU or not.

The missing Nobel

East Timor's gain is China's loss

THIS YEAR'S Nobel peace prize has propelled one Asian human rights issue into much-needed limelight while leaving another one in the shade. The award to Bishop Belo and the exiled resistance leader Jose Ramos-Horta was wholly deserved. The bishop has spoken out in spite of enormous pressure from the authorities, publicising abuses and demanding a referendum for the unconsulted people of East Timor. Mr Ramos-Horta has lobbied the corridors of diplomacy — till the Santa Cruz massacre compelled us to wake up. The UN refuses to regard Indonesia's annexation as legitimate: now there is even less excuse for inaction.

Yet as a result of this award, the nomination of the Chinese political prisoner Wei Jingsheng has inevitably failed. Winning the prize would have focused attention on dissidents in China at a critical time. Mr Wei has been campaigning for democracy since 1979: another activist, Wang Xizhe (who may now have reached safety in Hong Kong) first spoke out in the Cultural Revolution. Most countries are not too concerned whether China protects human rights as long as it embraces the market. Beijing's new crackdown on a tiny number of lonely campaigners is both unnecessary and at variance with the trend of social and economic reform. Liberal elements in the leadership must be uneasy at this return to the dogmatism of the late 1980s. Beijing's friends abroad should not muffle their criticism: this petty but vicious oppression corrupts Chinese integrity and persecutes brave dissent. With or without a peace prize, Mr Wei, Mr Wang and the unknown others deserve our support.



Letters to the Editor

Questions from the floor

WAS Mr Major's suggestion that he did not have the same start in life as Tony Blair and Harriet Harman — "We did not have the benefit of a private education" — an admission that private schools are superior to state schools? Roger Lewis, 14 Deanechurch Road, Wantage, Oxon OX12 9AU.

IS Mr Major ashamed of Britain? If not, why does he keep on talking about it? M A Rehman, 88a Maundlin Drive, Teignmouth, Devon TQ14 8SE.

MICHAEL Heseltine complains of Sir James Goldsmith having homes in Britain, France and Mexico. Is this not the politics of envy? I Freitag, 22 Cravells Road, Harpenden, Herts AL5 1BD.

IF Mr Blair is now to be portrayed as "smarmy", why did Tory Central Office spend millions portraying him as the devil incarnate? Ed Welch, Redhills, Stokenham, Devon TQ7 2SS.

THE PRIVATE life of Dolly Parton is known to be better than that of some ex-Tory ministers. Why does Kenneth Clark refer to this lady in such a disgusting manner? G R C Peake, 30 Chapel Lane, Kirby Cross, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex CO13 0NF.

PETER Lilley extols the success of the fraudsters' hotline. But more money is lost to the Treasury by tax evasion. Strange that the Government has not set up a hotline to inform on tax-evaders. R B Taylor, 14 Links Crescent, Skegness, Lincs PE25 3AF.

CHALLENGE what Tony Akerman (Letters, October 12) calls "harmless adult films" viewed "in the privacy of their own homes". Privacy does not guarantee harmlessness — as a moment's thought about drugs or self-mutilation shows. The champions of pornography are simply unwilling to consider that their obsessions may cause them as much psychological damage as other kinds of behavioural result damage their bodies. Nor, in a civilised society, can this simply be regarded as being up to the individual. Ian Flintoff, 22 Chaldon Road, London SW6 7NJ.

Breaking up the family

THE misogynistic notion that a man who has beaten up the mother of his children is not necessarily a threat to those children has to be challenged (Mother jailed for stopping violent father seeing child, October 11).

If we allow these men to have contact with their children as if their violent behaviour did not matter, we teach their children that violence towards women does not matter. We give the sons of such men the green light to beat up their future partners and we give their daughters the assumption that they are to be attacked by their partner in normal.

There is no better way of raising battered wives than to give tacit approval to the battering of their mothers; there is no better way of condemning domestic violence than to incarcerate a woman who seeks to protect her daughter from the corrupting influence of a man who uses women as punchbags.

As long as we continue to give credence to the argument that fathers who are incapable of conducting adult relationships are entitled to conduct relationships with their children, thousands of women and little girls will be sacrificed for the fathers' rights lobby. Jean Molloy, Theodore Road, London SE13.

THE imprisonment of anyone, especially in a family dispute, is to be regretted but this case sharply defines the inadequacies of our thinking on the rights of children.

Firstly, it reveals the impossibility of enforcing contact arrangements. The Children Act lays down a penal notice as the only sanction against a mother who persistently refuses to abide by a contact order. Yet can anyone believe that to send a mother to prison is in the best interests of a child, the yardstick of the Children Act itself? Secondly, it exposes our muddled thinking on domestic violence. Violence between adults does not lead necessarily to violence between adults and children, a view with which the court welfare officer in this case presumably concurred. We must judge what greater damage may be caused to a young person when contact with his/her father is unilaterally withheld by a mother, acting for reasons which may have nothing to do with the child's welfare and everything to do with her anger at the father.

Of course, when fathers are imprisoned for wanting to see their children there is never any public fuss. But that's another story. Leo Jasmin, High Street, Warboys, Cambs.

LORD Justice Ward declared (Mother must stay in jail, October 12) that there had been "not a single word of regret" from the mother for her disobedience in refusing to allow contact with the father. Doesn't he begin to understand that her sole interest is in protecting her child — and why the hell should she regret this? Is the law attempting to enforce a couldn't-care-less attitude to motherhood?

What will happen after the release of this woman? Will she be permitted by law to resume loving care of the child, or is cat-and-mouse torture to go on and on; will she suffer repeated imprisonment, or will her daughter be dragged away time after time, in enforced presentation to a man who has used violence, until there is the predictable consequence? Will the judges acknowledge responsibility for this?

I have spent 25 years as an organiser of a charity dealing with instances of judicial idocy and this is surely one of the worst. Ben Norman, Browness-on-Solway, Carlisle CA5 5AG.

Please include a full postal address and daytime telephone number, even in e-mailed letters. We regret we cannot acknowledge receipt of letters.

A professor brings his bedside manner to a bout of influenza

UNDERSTAND your correspondents' concerns (Letters, October 10) about preventing influenza by mass immunisation and immunising carers of high-risk patients and the elderly. But whilst France appears to immunise more people than does the UK, the overall vaccination policy in the EU, the US and Australia is to give priority to those more greatly at risk of complications or dying following an attack of influenza (ie high-risk groups and the elderly).

Unusually for a virus, influenza does not lend itself to mass vaccination campaigns. Indeed, this might even be counter-productive with such a chameleon-like pathogen, and force antigenic change more rapidly. Additionally, mass flu vaccination policy might not be considered to be the most effective use of healthcare resources.

The vaccination of carers may be a good idea and indeed the chief medical officer's letter to doctors is a recommendation, leaving GPs to make a final decision. I feel that the current UK policy is sound and sensible.

Diabetics can be reassured that vaccination against flu is beneficial and I know of no evidence that it can precipitate diabetes. Flu vaccination for people with diabetes is 75 per cent effective in reducing hospitalisations for influenza, pneumonia and diabetic events, and, as the CMO stated, last week's repeated vaccination is associated with a 75 per cent reduction in the possibility of death. (Prof) John Oxford, Professor of Virology, Queen Mary and Westfield College, Mile End Road, London E1 4NS.

CALLING cards YOUR report on BT blocking calls to working girls who use cards in phone boxes (October 11) does not tell the full story. BT say they are removing thousands of cards a week in Brighton and Hove. Notices cards and the girls are still there. What is needed is for the local press to lift their requirement that massage certificates are provided before similar adverts are accepted. Phone box carding could then be transferred into the local press and the public could more easily look away. (Cliff) Roy Pennington, 4 Hendon Street, Brighton BN2 2EG.

Thin blue line

AS a police officer, I applaud the anti-crime stance taken by the political parties. I find it surprising, therefore, that government is intent on severe reductions in the Ministry of Defence Police, the civilian constabulary of the Ministry of Defence. At least 2,000 officers will be replaced by a variety of other personnel, none of whom will possess police powers, which makes them of very limited use in crime prevention.

Of course, when fathers are imprisoned for wanting to see their children there is never any public fuss. But that's another story. Leo Jasmin, High Street, Warboys, Cambs.



Corporate body

WITHIN the funeral profession, the takeover by massive companies has led to a series of tricks being used to undermine the diminishing number of independent, family-run funeral directors. A prime example is the continued use of the old family name with no reference to ownership anywhere on the premises or indeed in adverts. Another example is the clever use of the name Family Funeral Directors Ltd, which is registered as a subsidiary of Service Corporation International of Houston, Texas.

Put yourself in the position of a bereaved family. Are they not being misled into believing they are dealing with a family funeral director rather than a gigantic, worldwide corporation? Surely, it is time that businesses, especially within the funeral profession, stopped pretending to be what they are not. Andy Derriman, Funeral Director, 56 Ladies Mile Road, Brighton, E Sussex BN1 8QF.

THE LAKE DISTRICT: It was probably the best day of the autumn — even of the whole year. The sun smiled down from dawn to dusk, the winds of three days earlier were still and the visibility, if not as pin-sharp as sometimes in February, at least reached to the horizon. Most remarkable was the almost magical lighting — the blue of the sky reflected in all the waters and a growing russet glow over the fells. We were doing a simple local walk of perhaps six miles — from Arncliffe over the Knott to Far Arncliffe and back along the cliffs above the shore — but it had never seemed so lovely as this. Everything was so still, the countryside settling down for the winter with not a sound or even a movement, save, as we topped Arncliffe Knott, the little train slowly moving from Grange to cross the Kent Estuary by the viaduct, 500 feet below. We had walked up through cool woods speckled with sunlight, until we emerged suddenly on the sun-

mit bright as a stage with views all round to the familiar Lakeland fells and Yorkshire hills and a vast seascape silencing the horizon. The whole width of the sands of the estuary, across which we had often walked with the Queen's Guide, was plain to see — the channels across which we had waded looking misleadingly innocuous — and, far to the west, we could pick out the tiny blob of Piel Island, with its ancient castle, where Lambert Simnel had landed for his foolhardy attempt on the English throne in 1486. Far Arncliffe in the morning sunshine, its white-washed houses and grazing Shetland ponies was a delight, the trim caravan site on the edge of the sea surely one of the neatest in the country, the woodlands, crowded with daffodils in spring, full of interest, and the cliff-top walk above the sands somewhere near perfection. We counted our good fortune that all this was but 20 minutes' drive from home. A HARRY GREENE.

When some verse is worse than no verse

Endpiece

Roy Hattersley

THE admission will cause me nothing but grief, but I feel an irresistible compulsion to confess that I have, at very best, mixed feelings about National Poetry Day. Of course, I rejoiced for a couple of weeks at brief bits of verse of we read on television — even though the choice of poems (as the ghosts of Rudyard Kipling and Philip Larkin will testify) was often perverse. And I was delighted to discover that, in schools all over Britain, pupils were inspired to try their hands at a couplet or two.

I hope that they will be encouraged to try again next week and the week after. For what worries me most about a poetry day is the implication that, when midnight comes, we close the books and put them away for another year. Only a country which does not regard poetry as part of its

daily life would celebrate its existence for a carefully prescribed 24 hours. They do not have an opera day in Italy.

The whole exercise was patronisingly reminiscent of the Victorian ambition to bring culture to the working classes. An actress in a little black dress reading bad verse in a five-minute television slot is the literary equivalent of the squire's lady taking soup to sick farm labourers. And I did not need to be reminded of how inadequate the nation's normal poetic diet has become.

Unfortunately, much of what went on during and around Poetry Day confirms that, at least in this one particular, we have much to learn from the Victorians and Elizabethans. In those two golden ages of the language everybody who could read knew that poetry was meant to make us glad, and realised that enjoying all its pleasures sometimes involved a little thought.

The BBC, on the other hand, promoted Poetry Day in the apparent belief that poetry can be written, as well as read,

without any obvious intellectual effort. Persons described as "poets" were employed to compose instant verse about the day's events. I have tried to imagine how William Shakespeare would have replied if the Earl of Southampton had asked him to rush out a couple of quick sonnets. The glory of that age was that poetry, if not taken for granted, was accepted as something that all civilised people read and tried to write.

The court of the first Elizabeth was a hotbed of iambic pentameter as well as of intrigue. I doubt if the same can be said of the royal family and its retainers today. Philip Sidney, who drove the Spanish out of the Low Countries, wrote *A Defence Of Poetry*, which helped to establish the undeniable truth that great ideas can be conveyed in Latin or Greek. A comparable work seems unlikely to emerge from the model of a modern major-general.

In Elizabethan England, even the pirates were poets. And the young men who

heard the chimes at midnight thought that plays — written in the greatest poetry this country has ever produced — was the natural form of popular entertainment. These days, when we are gloriously open, we keep being told that Shakespeare's audiences fought at the back of the auditorium and threw oranges at the players. How much better would he have liked a production of Hamlet or Othello than to sit in reverential silence during a performance of *Cats* or *Phantom of the Opera*. Shakespeare was the hit writer of his time, a good night out for men (I fear that it was usually men) who wanted to enjoy themselves.

We know that Bernard Manning is popular with some Round Tables. I wonder if there are any Rotary clubs that employ strolling players to put on *Macbeth* on ladies' night. The spirit of our time was, I fear, illustrated by a man who appeared — I cannot imagine why — on a recent radio literary quiz. From his name (I think it was Ryan Sewell) I would have imagined him to be a professional foot-

baller, but his voice suggested otherwise. And most professional footballers have a healthier respect for English literature. For some time, he did nothing except give a clear impression that he has never read a book in his life. Then he gave the winning world his opinion of poetry. Too few words, he said.

Poetry tries to compress into a few lines ideas which would be better expanded over pages of prose. If there was an award of Philistine of the Year, he would undoubtedly win it. Only in the age of modern barbarism would such a man be invited onto a BBC book programme. One good thing to be said about National Poetry Day is that Ryan Sewell must have hated every minute of it.

The literary regression towards our primitive past, which Mr Sewell represented, did not, as some people suggest, begin when poetry became too obscure for people to understand. It started when people discovered alternative forms of amusement which were intellectually less taxing as well as less emotionally

rewarding. That you might argue is a reason for holding Poetry Day as a loss-leader which attracts readers into the supermarket of great poems.

But a brief reminder of what the nation is missing probably does more harm than good. For it contributes to the pernicious view that poetry is brought out, like a best suit, on special occasions. The artificiality of the event builds a barrier between real people and real poetry.

There are genuine movements not so much to rescue poetry as to rehabilitate the people who have been denied its civilising influence for so long. Poems on London Underground trains and at Birmingham bus stops, tabloid newspapers publishing a daily poem and the poet laureate abandoning the awful habit of writing majestic verse to celebrate some great event. There has been no Ode to the Disintegration of the Royal Family. Let the reunion of people and poetry be natural and therefore gradual. A national poetry day sound too much like a sales promotion. Poetry needs to promote itself.

David Smith

Dunkerque Diary

Alex Duval Smith

I HAD expected an A-way day with the French National Front to resemble a Saturday afternoon in one of the more notorious...

But surely, the kindly-looking, middle-aged gent sitting opposite me was not a supporter? His only distinguishing feature was that he wore full-sized medals...

In my search for skin-heads, I moved to the bar but met only with a cross-section of taxpayers with hair-lengths starting at an inch and a half...

Public revulsion to now the at the slaughter should have made gun control a tepid potato which no politician need have feared grasping...

led to an agreed programme of action, with legislation on the statute book before the recess. Instead, the Government turned to Lord Cullen...

For instance, in a London dominated by chattering-class expectations of a Blair government, the Scottish National Party barely warrants a mention...

Another Manifesto MAINSTREAM politicians tend to avoid innovative ideas, preferring the safe issues they already know...

For top thoroughbreds, nowhere's quite like Aintree. And for front runners in all lines of business, nowhere is quite like the International Convention Centre, Birmingham...

Death and defection won't defeat Tories

Michael White

PETER Thurnham had the air of a man who had grappled with himself and won when he and Paddy Ashdown turned up at the Liberal Democrat HQ yesterday...

Their usual fate is more like that of the supergrass, whose testimony is used against others before he is discarded. There is no new political passport or a life in Australia for MPs...

But the latest defection does matter, because it pulls away one more brick from the base of the tottering wall Major seeks to shore up...

So, does the defection of a no-hoper matter as we approach election day, unless the combined Opposition can unite to topple John Major in the next few weeks?

Blair has rightly grasped that his long-term project is to harness the 57 per cent of voters who don't vote Conservative at general elections into an anti-Tory majority at Westminster...

No guns in the House

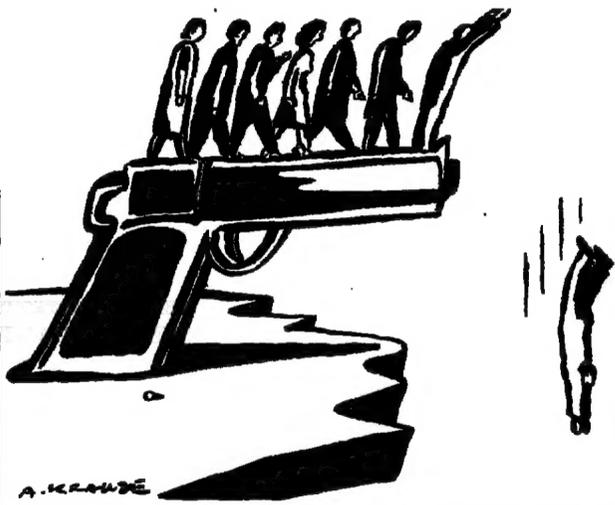
David Mellor wants public pressure put on MPs to ban hand-guns immediately

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single-shot .22 calibre pistols as used in Olympic competition, that would take out of circulation 200,000 licensed hand-guns...

Not can the present licensing system weed out misfits. Of the 57,000 hand-gun licences in Great Britain, 80 per cent allow multiple possession...

For top thoroughbreds, nowhere's quite like Aintree. And for front runners in all lines of business, nowhere is quite like the International Convention Centre, Birmingham...

Wanted: a wee but free land

Larry Elliott assesses the Scottish National Party's policies

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charges of Nazi tactics against Sinn Féin. But they also serve a tactical purpose at Westminster. What could the issue be? The Queen's Speech? Sleaze? Unwarranted tax cuts in the budget? BSE? Labour might win a no confidence vote on any of them...

But the latest defection does matter, because it pulls away one more brick from the base of the tottering wall Major seeks to shore up...

Blair has rightly grasped that his long-term project is to harness the 57 per cent of voters who don't vote Conservative at general elections into an anti-Tory majority at Westminster...

minister. Hence the joint press conference with Archie Kirkwood and Labour's Donald Dewar (frequent allies in the cross-party strategy over Scottish devolution) to press for a wider remit for the new cash-for-questions investigation...

Major's team is searching for a "Windbag Kinnoch" theme; 1992's "Tax and Kinnoch" battle cry is unlikely to work in 1997...

Blair has rightly grasped that his long-term project is to harness the 57 per cent of voters who don't vote Conservative at general elections into an anti-Tory majority at Westminster...

So long, and thanks for all the fish



Ros Coward

NEXT time you tuck into taramasalata, think about this. It is made from cod's roe and may well have been ripped from spawning the cod which were not part of any fishing quota...

These statistics may not arouse much concern. Sympathy for fishing communities is high, and discarding fish is hardly a traditional image of cruelty. But attitudes may have to change...

People who condemn bullfighting have nothing to say about Spanish activities in the North Sea. As tourists...

George Robertson was yesterday quoted as saying a ban on keeping hand-guns at home is the best way to reduce the number of hand-guns...

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they do not object to being served a plate of juvenile fish. Given the multiple problems of cattle, bullfighting may be one of the better ways of managing excess male calves...

It's difficult to care about fish. They are easy food for an exponentially increasing population. We all benefit oil from those sand eels finds its way into our biscuits...

But is it really necessary to do for fish what Peter Scott did for birds? Sometimes at-wild is a necessary import in the marine environment at the forefront of its agenda...

The oceanographer Sylvia Earle, at this week's Wildscreen festival, is promoted as the person who will make fish sexy. But biodiversity is the cornerstone of her ideas about marine conservation...

People who condemn bullfighting have nothing to say about Spanish activities in the North Sea. As tourists...

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For top thoroughbreds, nowhere's quite like Aintree. And for front runners in all lines of business, nowhere is quite like the International Convention Centre, Birmingham...

brings his bed... about influenza

Calling can Y

Mary

to verse

The Ultimate Convention Centre International Convention Centre Broad Street Birmingham B1 2EA

Beryl Reid

Sketch into portrait

BERYL Reid, who has died, aged 76, was a much loved character actress who comparatively late in life brought British television a stand-up comic to a wide variety of straight plays. These ranged from Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane* to *Romeo and Juliet*, in which she played the nurse in the 1974 National Theatre production. Her career spanned music hall and the Royal Shakespeare Company, and took her into film and television.

The play that made her name as an actress willing to take on controversial parts was *The Killing of Sister George*, about lesbian power-play amongst the women of a radio soap opera. She had already reached a wide public in the 1950s on BBC radio's *Educating Archie* and the series as Monica, the dreadful mealy-mouthed schoolgirl ("She's my best friend, and I hate her!") and Marlene, the streetwise Brummie proto-teenger.

Born in Hereford, she first announced she was going on the stage at the age of four, a year after she started to learn dancing. In Manchester she went to the "progressive" Lady Barne House School, Withington, but got herself in so many scrapes that she was moved to the strict Leverhulme Girls' School. Her father, an estate agent, got her a "secure" job at Kendal Milne's, Manchester's answer to Harrods, where she broke things in the china department but excelled at demonstrations.

She won a concert party audition playing a character she had created called Ethel, a hotel maid collecting guests' shoes from outside their rooms and giving impressions of their owners. This gave her a season at Eridington at £2 a week in 1936.

When war broke out she auditioned for the forces entertainment organisation ENSA, and went on tour with the Dagenham Girl Pipers. Her first big success was in Howard and Wyndham's *Half Past Eight*, for which she wrote 473 sketches in one season.

Her reputation grew with her constant exposure on the BBC's *Variety Bandbox* and *Workers' Playtime* radio shows, through which she met her first husband, the producer Bill Worsley. She introduced the then unnamed Monica character at the Playhouse Theatre at Charing Cross, where the bandleader Henry Hall saw her and took her on to *Henry Hall's Guest Night*.

She toured with the comedian Max Wall for a year and with the man who became her second husband — also to be divorced — Derek Franklin, a



Love and laughter... Beryl Reid in 1966, and below in her television role in *Sullivan's People*

musician in the Hedley Ward Trio.

At the tiny Watergate Theatre in the Strand, she realised that she could create characters by studying their feet, their shoes and their wigs. Despite solo variety success, including a record year's run at the Palladium, she wanted to work with other people. So it was in 1966 that she accepted the star part in *The Killing of Sister George* from impresario Michael Codron. Its lesbian motif was thought so depraved on its preliminary provincial tour that at Hull the shopkeepers refused to serve the cast.

Once in London, however, both the play and Reid's second career as an actress took off. She transferred the role to New York and won a Tony award, made the Robert Aldrich-directed film of the play with Susannah York and Coral Browne and played in the stage and film version of Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane*. Her other films include *The Belles of St Trinians*, *Star*, and *No Sex Please, We're British*.

On television she was memorable in the BBC adaptation of John Le Carré's *Smiley's People*. In it she played Connie Sachs, onetime secret

service head of research, and one of George Smiley's ex-lovers, whose memories he coolly taps in the course of his search for a Russian mole. She was also the grandmother in Sue Townsend's *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole Aged 13 3/4*.

Beryl Reid, who was given the OBE in 1986, had no children by either of her marriages. Her autobiography *So Much Love* was published in 1984.



Dennis Barker
Beryl Reid, actress, born June 17, 1920; died October 13, 1996

Keith Boyce

Making the day for Essex

THERE remains something slightly and needlessly pejorative in remembering a cricketer as a dynamic one-day player. Keith Boyce, who has died aged 53, was the first to score 1,000 runs and take 100 wickets in the John Player League. He had quintessentially the temperament, technique and athleticism for the limited-over game: happiest of all belting the ball out of the ground, making it hard to score runs off him. Yet those moments of apparent bating levity (they were never quite that) should not obscure his solid worth in first-class cricket.

Boyce made spectators duck

and occasionally batsmen quake. He was an all-rounder who, in one theatrical over, could transform a match. He took nine wickets for 61 on his debut for Essex against Cambridge at Brentwood, and Trevor Bailey knew with a certainty that his judgment, based on a scouting visit to the Caribbean, was spot-on.

Boyce stayed with Essex from 1966 until 1977 when a knee problem put a premature end to his career. In those early days, the county was far from affluent and at one stage the playing staff had to be reduced to a dozen. Brian Taylor was then doing a good job as captain; but young players like John Lever, Ray East,

David Acland and Boyce were emerging to lift Chelmsford hearts.

The crowd instantly took to this vibrant young Barbadian. Their murmurs rose to a crescendo of expectancy as he hustled up to the wicket on his purposeful run that preceded a delivery of real zip. They admired the way he moved in the field and pounced for the ball, or held his catches in the slips. In 1968 at Ilford, the Hampshire attack made negligible impact on him as he stroked and at times smote his highest 147 not out.

He had one wonderful match in 1975 against Leicestershire at Chelmsford. Flailing a dispirited assortment of

bowlers, he reached his century in 58 minutes, the fastest in the championship for 38 years. This tour-de-force exhibition was commented by a match haul of 12 for 73, not to mention several dazzling slip catches. Eventually Leicestershire held out for a draw, but the match still being remembered imperishably in loyal local memories to Boyce.

There were days when he could be almost impossible to play: one was at Old Trafford when he took 8 for 26.

Born in St Peter, Barbados, his first tour with the West Indies was to England in 1973 when he captured 19 wickets in three Tests. One international high point was the contribution he made to the World Cup final win over Australia at Lord's in 1975. The following year he fashioned perhaps his finest innings, 95 not out in the Adelaide Test. There were 21 Tests in all. Over his career, he scored just under 9,000 runs and took 852 wickets.

Boyce was in every sense a popular county player. When he was forced to retire — following his 1977 benefit season — he made an emotional farewell over the loudspeaker system. Some spectators were in tears. Team mate Ray East, purveyor of a hundred stories, used to recall the instructions once given to him and Keith to defend at all costs in the final hour, to ensure a draw. But Boyce kept attempting to hit sixes. In despair, East went down the wicket to ask if he was trying to do. With flawless logic, the reply came: "I'm hitting the ball as far as I can to waste time!"



Keith Boyce in action for Essex against the Australians in 1977; the batsman is David Hooks

David Foot

Keith Boyce, cricketer, born October 11, 1943; died October 11, 1996

Rex Tucker

A passionate pioneer at the dawn of television drama

THE TELEVISION writer and director Rex Tucker, who has died aged 63, was associated with drama all his working life. Born in the Isle of Ely, educated at Cheltenham Grammar School and Jesus College Cambridge, he moved into BBC Radio Drama in 1937, writing and directing a large number of plays: one, *The Single Taper*, was used for years as an example for aspiring radio dramatists.

In 1950 he moved into BBC Television. One of the few to do so from radio — the bulk of television drama directors then came from the theatre. "When I started, we were all starting," Tucker later said, "and it was not the sort of thing that serious people did. Radio tended to sneer at its poor cousin."

The 1950s were rich in directors who were determined to establish television drama as an art in itself — not a poor relation of theatre, nor a cheap way of making cinema films. Tucker began in children's television drama. It was then a large department with a considerable output, which included a Sunday family serial, a play almost every week, light entertainment and series like *Huw Wheldon's All Your Own*. Rex directed many of these series, including *The Silver Swan*, *A Florentine Fresco*, *Pig-Hoopy*, and special Christmas offerings like *The Three Princes*, *The Sleeping Beauty* and an award-winning *Aladdin*. Rex's production of *The Three Musketeers* was transmitted live twice in a day — once in the afternoon for children, again in the evening for adults. He also directed an immensely popular children's western, *The Cabin In The Clearing*. I had joined the department from the theatre shortly after Rex, and I was associated with many of his

productions. We shared a belief that children's drama must never write down, talk down, or act down to them.

In 1960, he moved into evening television and contributed many fine productions — Hemingway's *A Farewell To Arms* and *For Whom The Bell Tolls*, Huxley's *After Many A Summer, Jane Eyre*, *Madame Bovary* and *The Freelanders*. Also a unique short serial about the first submarine — Triton.

He adapted the very first colour classic serial — *Vanity Fair* — following this with *Sinister Street* and *A Pin To See The Peepshow*. He had a particular talent for adaptation, recognising that, while



Tucker... adaptive talent
one must have a respect for the original novel. It must not be a paralysing over-reverence.
His passion for good drama was strong and undeviating. All who worked with him will remember him with respect and affection.
Shaun Sutton
Rex Tucker, television writer and director, born February 20, 1913; died August 10, 1996

Rene Lacoste

Last of the musketeers

RENE Lacoste who has died aged 92 was the youngest and last survivor of the Four Musketeers who dominated 1920s tennis. Lacoste, *Le Crocodile*, was regarded by his Davis Cup colleagues Jacques "Toby" Brugnon, Jean Borotra and Henri Cochet as their patron.

Between 1927 and 1933 the four Frenchmen captured the Davis Cup from the Americans, and plundered the Grand Slam championships. Between 1924 and 1929 they divided between their nine French, six Wimbledon and three US titles.

Never physically robust, Lacoste spent hours on the practice court to become a master of the baseline game. Legend has it that he actually wore a hole in the practice wall at home. His patient, airless game was highly effective on his native clay courts and brought him singles wins in Paris in 1925, 1927, and 1929 and in doubles with Brugnon in 1925 and 1928.

Yet, such was the accuracy of his passing shots, so astute his use of the lob, so deep his knowledge of opponents' weaknesses — the little black notebook was legendary — that he also succeeded twice each on the grass courts of Wimbledon (1925, 1928) and Forest Hills (1926, 1927). His second American win against Bill Tilden, was a gruelling two-and-a-half hour 11-9, 6-3, 11-9 victory in which his opponent repeatedly changed his tactics and was repeatedly outmanoeuvred. The *New York Times* Allison Danzig rated it the best tennis match he or anyone else was ever likely to see.

leather suitcase. Turning to the French captain, Pierre Gilou, Lacoste said: "I think you might buy me that lovely crocodile case, captain." "Only when you have beaten Tilden," replied Gilou. From that day Lacoste would wear on the breast pocket of his white tennish blazer a large crocodile — and he plotted the downfall of Tilden. The next year in Philadelphia, when the cup had been won, Gilou kept his promise. Lacoste got his suitcase.

The world would experience a revolution in sports clothing. Lacoste already had the germ of the idea. About this time he had asked the famous Swiss industrial designer, Robert George, to produce a smaller crocodile that would become the symbol of quality on the short-sleeved cotton sport shirts that were launched under the Chemise Lacoste label in 1933. Typically painstaking, for five years before that Lacoste had been perfecting the manufacturing techniques with Jack

Born in Paris, the son of Hispano-Suiza's general manager, Lacoste was a shy young man, who first picked up a racket aged 15 on holiday in England and was immediately absorbed by the challenges and chess-like patterns of the game. His father hoped he would be interested in manufacturing motorcars and at least attend the polytechnique. But Rene persuaded his father to allow him to defer his further education "provided that within that period you become the number one player in the world", he was told. So began months of endeavour under the eye of his coach, Darsonval. Observation, recorded in his notebook, was the means to work out the tactics to defeat his international rivals.

To Lacoste the most satisfying result of all was the second win against Tilden in 1927 that brought France the Davis Cup for the first time. According to Bobby Abdesselem, himself a French Davis Cup player and Lacoste's lawyer since 1949, it was on the unsuccessful 1926 Davis Cup campaign that the crocodile legend was born. Lacoste noticed in the window of a Boston leather goods shop a magnificent, shining, black crocodile



Lacoste... Le Crocodile

found in London. Until that moment everyone had played in long-sleeved white shirts with the sleeves rolled up.

So began another career, one that would have delighted his father, as the multi-million pound Chemise Lacoste empire grew to its present position as one of the leading designer labels. But the things which pleased Rene in his later years were the successes of his growing and united family. He is survived by his wife Simone, their three sons, one daughter and 13 grandchildren.

The eldest son, Bernard, is now president of Chemise Lacoste which became a limited company in 1948; Francois is also involved in the business. Michel is a successful banker and Catherine, a housewife and mother, is famous in her own right as the winner of the 1989 US Open golf championships as an amateur, an achievement that Rene was particularly proud of. The man may have gone but the legend lives on.

John Barrett

Rene Lacoste, tennis player, born July 2, 1904; died October 13 1996

Birthdays

- Lord Barnett, former deputy chairman, BBC networks, 75;
- Eva Beck-Coulter, writer and journalist, 55; Reginald Bottini, former agricultural workers leader, 80; John Boyd, HM Chief Inspector of Constabulary for Scotland, 63;
- Lady Brittan, deputy chair, Equal Opportunities Commission, 56; Roland Butcher, cricketer, 43; Steve Cram, athlete, 36; Vivian Davies, Egyptologist, 49; Thomas Dolby, rock keyboard player, 58; Elizabeth Esteve-Coll, vice-chancellor, University of East Anglia, 58; John Griffiths, professor of public law, 78; Air Chief Marshal Sir David Harcourt-Smith, 65; Justin Hayward, rock singer, 50; David Hinchcliffe, Labour MP, 46; Prof Victor Hoffbrand, haematologist, 61; Joe Hyman, founder, Wiyella International, 75; William Jarvis, racehorse trainer, 96; Peter Jones, general director, Bavarian State Opera, 50; Prof Kay-Tee Khaw, gerontologist, 46; Sir Richard Luce, vice-chancellor, University of Buckingham, 58; Stella Marica, Prof of Southern African History, 50; Roger Moore, actor, 69; Francoise Pascal, actress, 47; Cliff Richard, singer, 58; John Roques, chief executive, Touche Ross, 55; Roger Taylor, tennis player, 65; Christopher Tomphey, actor, 56; Carol Tongue, Labour MEP, 41; Kieran Tunney, playwright, 74; Alan Williams, Labour MP, 68; Derek Wood QC, principal, St Hugh's College, Oxford, 59.

Jackdaw



Dialect duff
MISSIONARIES face the challenge of "contextualisation", but it's a problem for multi-nationals too: The name Coca-Cola in China was first rendered as Ke-kou-ke-ka. The company did not discover until after thousands of signs had been printed that the phrase means "bite the wax tadpole" or "female horse stuffed with wax", depending on the dialect. In Taiwan, the translation of the Pepsi slogan, "Come alive with the Pepsi generation" came out as "Pepsi will bring your ancestors back from the dead." When General Motors introduced the Chevy Nova in

South America, it was apparently unaware that "no va" means "it won't go". With plummeting sales, it renamed the car in its Spanish markets to the Caribe. Parker Pen marketed a ballpoint pen in Mexico. Its ads were supposed to say "It won't leak in your pocket and embarrass you." However, the company mistakenly thought that the Spanish "embarrasar" meant "embarrass". Instead, the ads read: "It won't leak in your pocket and make you pregnant." Hunt-Wesson introduced its Big John products in French Canada as Gros Jos before finding out that the phrase, in slang, means "big breasts". In this case, however, the name problem did not have a noticeable effect on sales.

Spotted by Simon Canisale on the notice board of a Christian missionary organisation.

New element
THE heaviest element known to science was recently discovered. The element, tentatively named Administratium, has no protons or electrons and thus has an

atomic number of 0. However, it does have 1 neutron, 75 executive vice neutrons, 125 vice neutrons, and 111 assistant vice neutrons. This gives it an atomic mass of 312. The 312 particles are held together by a force that involves the continuous exchange of meson-like particles called morons. Since it has no electrons, Administratium is inert. However, it can be detected chemically since it impedes every process with which it has contact. According to the discoverers, a minute amount of Administratium caused one process to take four days to complete when it would have normally occurred in less than one second. Administratium has a normal half-life of approximately three years, during which time it does not actually decay but, instead, undergoes a reorganisation in which executive vice neutrons, vice neutrons, and assistant vice neutrons randomly change position. It tends to concentrate at certain points such as government agencies and can be found in the newest and best

maintained buildings. Scientists point out that Administratium is known to be toxic at any level and can easily destroy any productive reaction where it is allowed to accumulate. Attempts are being made to determine how Administratium can be controlled, but results are not promising.

Science chat at <http://fiction.isdn.uvic.edu/tadbits/relegation/administ.html> Thanks to Gordon Joby.

What a guy
"THOSE who don't know his background could easily think he got all the breaks. As they look at him today and see this fine and refined gentleman, they would assume he's always been wealthy. He lives in the exclusive Brentwood district of Los Angeles, drives a luxurious car, and has his elegant office furnished against tones of brown and rust with wood and suede) in an elite bank building. He is now a busy executive with his own production company. He personally handles most of his own financial

affairs and business negotiations. He has contracts with the media and various entertainment firms and agencies. In today's terms Oren has it made. I wouldn't be surprised if he didn't have a statue of an eagle somewhere in his office — what a guy! But don't think for a minute that he isn't thankful. His memory of the past only heightens his gratitude for all he now enjoys.

The home in Brentwood, the many successful careers including football. That push office with his name on the door belongs to Orenthall James Simpson. Yes, none other than "The Juice" — O J Simpson.

How the proud do fall. Extract from *What a Guy, in Living Abuse the Level of Mediocrity by Charles R. Siednoll. Thanks to Stephen Bunting.*

Cash fall
BRITISH "sleaze" is small stuff by comparison with the heroic levels of maffiosness in Italy or the United States, but it is enough to spread the impression that they are all on the take. If even half of

Mohamed Al Fayed's allegations to the Guardian are even half-true, the Harrods supremo was lubricating the lifestyle of half a dozen Tory MPs, such as an eighteenth-century Duke would treat his men in the parliament to keep them biddable.

We used to think of Conservative MPs as pompous, respectable, well-padded dullards; now one is more likely to think of them as loud mouthed, financially dicey, inclined to lechery, and

worst of all a bit odd. Take two of the most spirited Conservative commentators, Mr Alan Clark and the Revd Digby Anderson: the one a vegetarian dedicated to just, but averse to gluttony; the other a fanatical carnivore passionate for gluttony, yet repelled by sexual indulgence. Colourful certainly, endearing possibly, but not exactly men of bottom, at least in the old-fashioned sense of the phrase.

Ferdinand Mount describing further falls from grace in the TLS.

Cash crop
AN ARMED Lithuanian bank client demanding the return of his \$11,000 deposit accepted his punishment with a smile — a 10,000 lit (\$2,500) fine and one year in prison. Vladas Kutkus achieved notoriety in his past June when, wielding two pistols, he charged into the office of the insolvent Lithuanian Joint-Stock Innovative Bank and demanded his money. He was arrested the next day,

but with empty pockets. He said he had spent the entire night drinking and was unable to locate the money. One way to get at your bank manager. Reported in the Baltic Times.

Miracle cure
MARCELO Nogueira, Messour Homeopath, Caracas, people that close themselves at home or that loses talking, that suffer from frigidity or impotence, that tend to kill themselves, losing hair, sadness or crying or Discal Herma. Clatic, Vertebral Column, Knees Arthritis, Rheumatism, Sclerosis and Psoriasis.

Judging by this ad from Fortuogo, there's nothing this man can't cure. Maybe Fergie would have had better luck with him. Thanks to Mrs M. Jones.

Jackdaw wants jewels. E-mail jackdaw@guardian.co.uk; fax 0171-713-6368; Jackdaw, The Guardian, 119 Farringdon Road, London EC1R 3ER.

Emily Sheffield

It exists,

Norm's eye

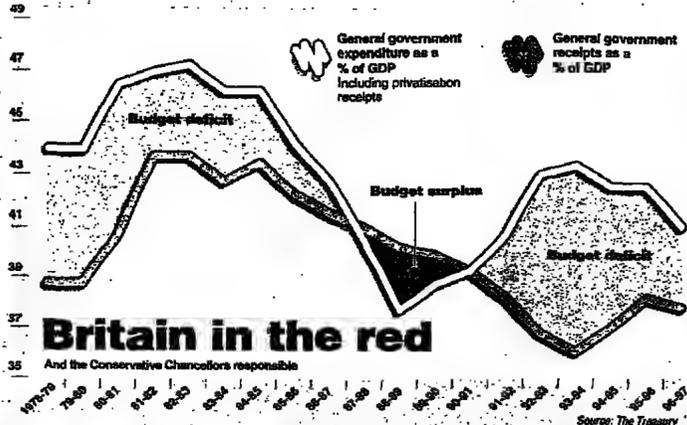
Atkinson

It exists,

Atkinson



Lord Howe 1779-83 Lord Lawson 1983-89 John Major 1989-90 Norman Lamont 1990-93



Britain in the red

And the Conservative Chancellors responsible

Source: The Treasury



Kenneth Clarke 1993-

ELECTION BATTLEGROUND/Budgetary planning is set to be a key campaign issue

Flights of fancy to tax voters' credulity

Larry Elliott

The Guardian's Economics Editor bemoans the sterility of the debate about fiscal policy

ARE you ready for the great Dutch auction over tax? You'd better be. The next six months are going to be a head-to-head struggle between Kenneth Clarke's 20p basic rate and Gordon Brown's 10p starting rate.

After 17 years in power, the Conservatives have managed to bring the debate about fiscal policy down to this level. And, frankly, it's depressing.

But, fiscal policy does have an impact. It mattered in the late 1980s, when Nigel Lawson's tax cuts helped send the economy into a vortex of over-consumption and it mattered when Norman Lamont rediscovered the joys of counter-cyclical tax breaks during the recession in 1991.

The 217 billion of tax increases in the two 1993 budgets squeezed demand, even though the fiscal retrenchment was modest in relation to the post-Black Wednesday monetary easing.

This is an old lesson. Labour's post-war macroeconomic strategy under first Hugh Dalton and then Stafford Cripps relied on the use of physical controls and fiscal policy to keep the lid on consumption, thereby allowing

base rates between 1945 and 1951 to be pegged at 2 per cent. The policy mix was right then, and it is right now. Britain is nearing the end of its fifth year of growth, yet the budget deficit will still be around 5 per cent of gross domestic product and tax cuts next month can be justified only by reductions in spending.

Whether these will actually be delivered remains to be seen. The Prime Minister's pledge of an extra £6 billion to the National Health Service suggests otherwise.

Mr Clarke is doubtless aware of the risks of a looser fiscal policy. It would have an impact on long rates by fostering the belief in the City that the authorities would at some point inflate away the value of the debt.

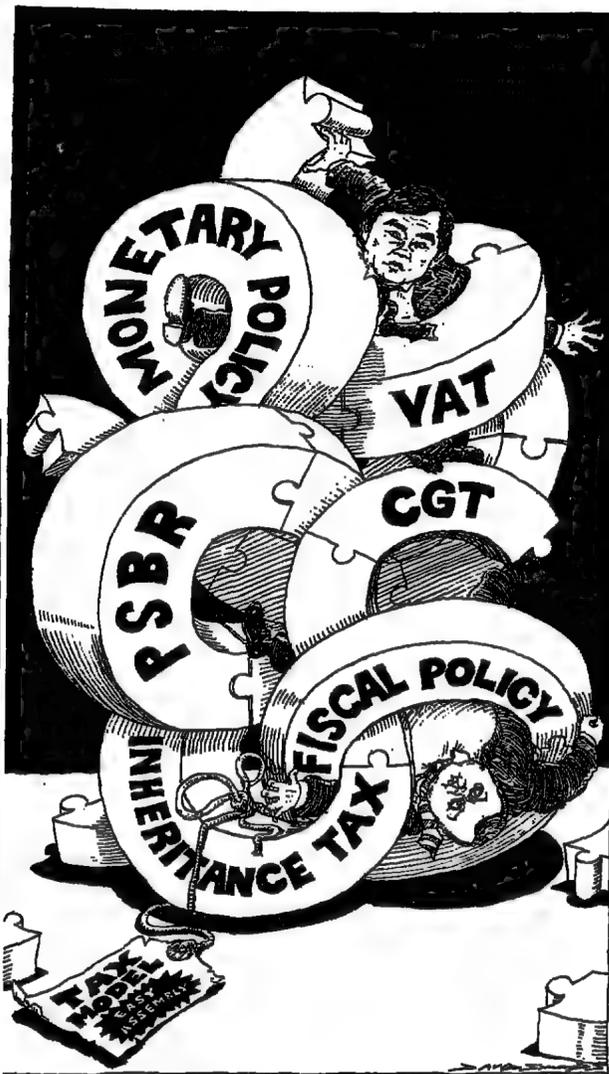
Among some on the left there is a fond belief that there is no problem with this, because it is what Keynes would have done. But Keynes was always insistent that governments should run budget surpluses in good times in order to provide the leverage for public investment when the going got rough.

ANY doubts that the tight fiscal-loose monetary mix should be dispelled by the recent record of the US economy. Bill Clinton reduced the budget deficit in return Alan Greenspan cut real interest rates to zero, re-floated the banking system and stimulated a recovery that has seen investment boom with the creation of 10 million new jobs.

The real challenge in the UK is not whether to be tough on fiscal policy, but how to make more progressive a tax regime that over the past 17 years has become systematically more regressive.

One obvious suggestion would be to shift the burden of taxation from poor to rich, while at the same time reducing the budget deficit. This would be at the same time be redistributive and beneficial for the macro-economy.

Mr Brown would say that this is precisely what he is planning next, on any basis, the Shadow Chancellor's tax proposals would be more progressive than Mr Clarke's. As last week's Institute for Fiscal Studies/Goldman Sachs Green Budget showed, all but



the two top household deciles would be better off under Labour's proposals for a 10 per cent starting rate than they would be with Mr Clarke's 20p basic rate. Moreover, the Conservatives seem to be obsessed with abolishing capital gains tax and inheritance tax, which moves, in the absence of a wholly im-

This was once taken as read. VAT is a regressive tax because it hits the poor hardest; income tax is progressive because it hits the rich hardest. To be fair to Mr Brown, a stated priority for a first Labour Budget — if it can be afforded, naturally — would be to cut VAT on domestic fuel and power to 5 per cent. It

for things we want health, education, pensions. There is little sign that we are ever going to demand less of these things; on the contrary, we want ever more.

So how do we square this circle? Andrew Dilnot, the director of the IFS, has made few friends at Westminster for saying that we can't — un-

It's Ken Clarke's 20p basic rate against Gordon Brown's 10p start-up. It's depressing. It's absurd. It's an illusion

probable trickle-down effect induced by a surge in entrepreneurial activity, would benefit only the rich.

But, as the Green Budget shows, the really progressive move would be for Labour to channel any leeway for tax reductions into cutting VAT, which would help the bottom five deciles more than either a 20 per cent basic rate or a 10p lower band. For the poorest three deciles, the difference would be substantial.

would be refreshing to hear more along these lines, particularly since Mr Clarke has his sights set on extending the scope of VAT.

But this, we are told, is not practical politics. Practical politics is about cutting taxes, come tax. Focus groups tell us as much. But is this the way voters — voters with children, voters with elderly parents, voters who need operations — really think? Governments raise taxes to pay

less we believe in the voodoo economics of the Laffer curve or return magically to the social inclusiveness and full employment of yesteryear.

Mr Dilnot is right. In the rest of Europe, the cost of a stationer's stationery is higher than in the UK. The message is simple. If we want the state to deliver better schools and higher pensions, we are going to have to work miracles to beat the pre-election giveaways set by Nigel Lawson in 1987. Having cut the basic rate from 30p to 25p in 1986, the first reduction since Sir Geoffrey Howe's 1979 budget, he cut another 2p in the pound in 1987.

Writing exclusively for the Guardian, Britain's new Nobel economics prize winner, James Mirrlees, right, says that Middle England can shoulder a bigger tax burden — whatever the politicians claim

Putting the bite on the Tory heartland

EVERYONE knows death and taxes cannot be escaped. Look at it another way: we all have taxes in common. This does not mean that we each pay exactly the same taxes, but that the same tax rules apply to all of us.

This sounds like a simple commonsense observation. In fact, it is the key to understanding and describing what economic policy can achieve.

Setting a tax system amounts to choosing two income distributions: incomes before tax and incomes after tax. A country with high marginal tax rates on income has a much more equal distribution of incomes after tax — because the state takes more from the rich to give to the poor — than of incomes before tax.

It might be thought that we should only care about the distribution of after-tax incomes. Wrong. To get a high before-tax income, most people have to work pretty hard, and beyond a point harder work is less enjoyable.

To answer the question, what is the best tax system? you first have to try and describe the range of possible income distributions.

It turns out that the original observation that we all have taxes in common is, in some simplified, but broadly realistic, models of the economy, so I wrote down such a mathematical model.

To be fair, a couple of very able research assistants (then students, now professors) did the computation. When the first results came through, I thought I had made a fantastic (in both senses) discovery, but one that did not appeal to me at all. In such cases, we blame the computer.

The computer said something like 20 per cent of the population available to work should not work. It recommended a high basic benefit payment — people as the lower end of the income distribution, and a high marginal tax rate — so high

that a substantial proportion of the population would rather not work.

Ridiculous? No, I do not think so; the result was correct, for the model, but the model was just a test run, and had an unrealistically wide before-tax income distribution. In this model, a simple widely unequal abilities.

The main reason for this first, surprising, finding was that the assumed relative productivity of the people at the bottom was so low that their chances of earning a decent income were also very slim. That meant substantial resources were required in the model to support their incomes. To raise the money,

Total tax rates in the centre could well be as much as 50 per cent

higher average tax rates were required across the income distribution, which in turn implied high marginal tax rates even at the bottom, which acted as a disincentive to entering the labour force. And so the circle closed.

When more realistic numbers (for the distribution of abilities) were used, the unemployment level in the model fell to a few per cent — although not to zero. We also found that the marginal tax rates recommended were surprisingly low. In one case, which I then supposed to be quite realistic, the marginal tax rate — for all taxes, so including VAT and local taxes as well as income tax — on high incomes was just 20 per cent, a result which is now widely quoted.

Nowadays, we recognise that the picture of the economy one should use is much more complicated, allowing for different tax treatment according to age, family structure, and so on.

We have not got far enough in working out the implications, but it seems that total tax rates in the centre of the income distribution could well be as much as 50 per cent (including all taxes, not just income taxes).

But the theories I have been

working on are not intended just to lead to some calculations of tax rates. They also exemplify a fundamental relationship among economic agents, which we now call "asymmetric information".

In the tax model, people know their own capabilities. The government knows the distribution of these capabilities within the population as a whole, but does not know what any particular individual is capable of. The same can be said about an employer's knowledge of an employee — and pay systems are devised to provide incentives.

Asymmetric information has been familiar to actuaries for a long time: in insurance they talk about adverse selection, when people take out insurance because they know they are likely to need it. An employer might take out unemployment insurance because of rumours of a redundancy programme, which have not reached the ears of the insurer.

And the story does not stop there. There are other possible information imperfections. The most obvious is when no one knows how much effort is required for a given contribution to production.

So the employer cannot tell just how hard the employees worked simply by looking at his output. The worker could be a workaholic duncer or a lazy genius and get the same results — and so (in theory, and increasingly in practice) has to select a clever pay system to provide the right incentives.

In these cases, the economic model suggest an interesting optimal pay schedule: sometimes the strongest pay incentives should be given to high and low incomes, rather than intermediate ones. The effect of take-home pay on work incentives seems higher for the boss and the apprentice than for the middle manager.

In the tax case, that would mean the highest marginal tax rates would be in the middle rather than the top. But this is only one part of what is becoming an ever more complicated economics story. And it is clearly not a vote winner.

James Mirrlees is Professor of Political Economy at the University of Cambridge. Copyright Reserved

History likely to repeat itself

HISTORY shows that Kenneth Clarke will cut taxes in the Conservative 1996 budget, the last before the General Election.

He would, however, have to work miracles to beat the pre-election giveaways set by Nigel Lawson in 1987. Having cut the basic rate from 30p to 25p in 1986, the first reduction since Sir Geoffrey Howe's 1979 budget, he cut another 2p in the pound in 1987.

He fuelled the economic boom even further in 1988 by reducing the basic rate by another 2p and abolishing all tax rates above 40 per cent.

Norman Lamont set a pre-election budget in 1992 which reintroduced a lower rate of income tax at 20p for the first £2,000 of taxable income and froze the basic rate and married couples allowance but it was more memorable for the dubious Treasury figures used to justify the package.

The following Lamont budget was one of the most significant in the history of the Conservative Party. He had to use post-dated tax increases to pay for

BRIEFING/Clarke's protestations about budget giveaways have a hollow ring, says Sarah Ryle

the previous giveaways as well as mistakes which climaxed on Black Wednesday in September 1992 when sterling crashed out of the ERM.

He was also responsible for the controversial 1991 measures which raised VAT to 17.5 per cent to pay for refunds on the unpopular poll tax.

Most other budgets that have fallen just after a general election or in the middle of the party political cycle have been unmemorable, with the exception of the Conservatives' 1979 budget. Mr Howe celebrated the Conservatives' election victory with a sizeable cut in the basic rate of income tax from 30 per cent to 25 per cent, partly paid for by a doubling of VAT.

Mr Howe reversed some of the income tax giveaways in 1981, freezing the personal allowance in cash terms which effectively cut the real value as Britain was in recession.

In what could be the Conservative's final budget, Kenneth Clarke's repeated assurances that he will only cut taxes if the economy can stand it, have won little credence with City analysts and economic think-tanks.

Although he set out to establish himself as a cautious chancellor in November 1993 when he either froze or restricted the main tax breaks, he undermined this image to an extent last year when he cut the basic rate to 24p despite the fact that public finances were heading deeper into the red.

Given the charge levelled by the Labour Party that the Conservatives have investigated 22 tax rises since they came to power, it would be surprising if the coming budget failed to deliver voter-winning cuts.

If it exists, you can bet that someone owns it

Worm's eye

Dan Atkinson

TRICK question of the week: the last entity to be nationalised in this country was (a) Johnson Matthey Bankers in 1984 (b) the ad-outfit Transmark in 1979 (c) the London Fire Brigade, in the late 1980s?

The answer is... none of them. The public sector's last gulp was last year, and the industry in question, in a Christmas vein, was five gold rings, the symbol of the Olympic Games.

Woe betide anyone using the rings on merchandise without permission: they are to the modern public sector what all those train carriages and nuclear power stations were in days past.

You doubt symbols, emblems, logos and the like are the commanding heights of the virtual-reality economy?

You ought to have been at Wembley last week for England's wobbly performance against Poland.

Should you have spent half-time trying to take your mind off the prospect of a Polish equaliser, you may have flipped through

the small print in your programme and discovered that not only is Coca-Cola a registered trade mark (fair do; who but a rotter would try to pass off his own sugary water as the real thing?) but that the "dynamic ribbon device" is similarly protected.

Let there be any doubt, the "dynamic ribbon device" is not something that makes typewriters type more quickly, nor the latest hat-decoration for Royal Ascot. It is in fact merely those squiggly lines that accompany the Coca-Cola name (more detailed description of the ribbons could land us all in trouble

under the tough new copyright laws).

Rum drinkers have long been able to chortle at Baccardi's solemn declaration on every bottle that the "bat device" is a protected symbol, but there was always the possibility that this was either an over-enthusiastic application of the Wildlife and Countryside Act or a by-product of too much West Indian sunshine.

It seems we did the rum boys a dis-service. Big business, having apparently run out of land, minerals, food and air routes to claim is now demanding title to mere shapes, symbols and

figments of someone's imagination. As ever, the US has led the way, with laws preventing garage owners from stating without permission even the objective fact that their station stands X miles from Disneyland, and allowing the makers of the "to boldly go" programme to patent the words "to boldly go".

Arthur Ransome, a superior writer for children, has one of his characters raise the question of whether anyone owns the North Pole. Probably, replies a gloomy adult. Everything belongs to someone nowadays.

Too true, old son.

Miracle cure

Emily Sheffield

Cycling
Belgian flat out to victory on the hills

William Fotheringham in Lugano

JOHAN MUSEUW, a week after declaring his intention of retiring from competition, reclaimed the place as cycling's top one-day rider by winning the world championship road race here yesterday on his 31st birthday.

Whenever the going gets tough Museuw, a former garage mechanic, threatens to return to wielding an oily rag for his father but so far his threats have always been followed by a solid victory which has led him to rethink.

The Belgian is the current leader of the World Cup, a season-long competition which includes all the sport's legendary one-day Classics. He has built a solid reputation as a man with a preference for the flat, windy roads of the Franco-Belgian border, where he has won cobbled Classics such as Paris-Roubaix and the Tour of Flanders.

Although last year Museuw figured in some of the hillier Classics on his way to taking his first victory in the World Cup, he was not listed among the favourites for yesterday's title. This was one of the most mountainous world championship courses for many years, featuring the legendary climb of the Crespera, which took a place in cycling history in 1953 when the Italian Campionissimo Champion of Champions - Fausto Coppi won the world title after attacking on its slopes.

Museuw's victory was a let down for the 50,000 spectators, many of whom had flocked across the border from northern Italy. The gold medal was expected to go to one of the AZZURRI - the Italian national squad - or a Swiss mountain specialist such as Mauro Gianetti who finished fourth in last year's title race.

The Italian #10s were placed 15th on the climb, but the Swiss climber, backed with banners, posters and even framed pictures of the late, great Coppi, and created a wall of sound whenever the peloton passed. However, there was wild celebration among the home fans when Gianetti



Snaking along... the peloton speeds up on the road to Canobbio over one of the most mountainous courses for years

a native of the Canton of Ticino which has hosted these world championships - escaped from the lead group with 16 miles remaining to the finish. With only Museuw for company, and three vicious hills to climb, the odds were firmly on the Swiss.

For all that he was the best climber in the race, Gianetti still could not get rid of the Belgian, who can sprint as well as the Swiss can climb. After the pair

had watched each other like hawks for the final two flat kilometres, through the town of Lugano, the final metres were a formalist for Museuw, who in his early years had a reputation of being the fastest finisher.

Just behind in third was Michele Bartoli of Italy, another one-day Classic specialist, who was bitterly disappointed that the AZZURRI had left it too late before beginning the pursuit

of Museuw and Gianetti. Bartoli outperformed another man of the future Axel Merckx, hitherto best known for being the off-spring of Eddy, the greatest cyclist the world has ever seen.

Britain's Olympic bronze medalist Max Sciandri brought some of his own fans from his home in Tuscany but, in spite of their banners and encouragement on the Crespera, he was never up to the pace

and finished a mortified 45th. "I was on a really bad day. My legs would not respond when the pace began to increase."

Alongside the Anglo-Italian was the 38-year-old demerique Sean Yates, riding his final event in Europe before he retires after a 15-year professional career which has included a stage win of the Tour de France and a day in the yellow jersey.

Racing

Grand total of four for Revoque

Graham Rock

PETER Chapple-Hyam swept aside memories of recent reverses at Longchamp yesterday when Revoque ran out an impressive winner of the Group One Grand Critérium.

Without being hard ridden, the colt drew clear to beat Critique Head's Majorien by two lengths, with John Gosden's King Sound four lengths away third.

"It was always going easily," reported John Reid, who pushed out the winner with hands and heels. "When I pulled him out to quicken, the response was immediate."

The first time Revoque was ridden in four races, Revoque will now retire for the season and be prepared for the 2,000 Guineas. "Surely he's the best two-year-old in Europe," the trainer suggested.

Bookmakers, too, were impressed. Both Ladbrokes and Hill's cut Revoque from 10-1 for the 2,000 Guineas, Ladbrokes 8-1 bettering Hill's revised offer by a point; Bahra remains favourite at 5-1 with both firms.

Yesterdays Willie Carson confirmed that he intends to resume riding next season when, presumably, he will renew his partnership with Sheikh Hamdan's Champagne Stakes winner.

King Sound finished a respectable third for John Gosden. "The form of the race looked good to me," said Carson. "My horse will be better over further next year."

The Newmarket trainer had an afternoon to remember at San Siro, Milan, where Shantou led a British clean sweep in the Group One Gran Premio del Jockey-Club and Leap For Joy defeated the English raiders Brave Edge and Hever Golf Rose in the Premio Onomoni.

Both were ridden by Frankie Detorri, who had gone a little way to recompensing bookmakers for his seventh time last month when he finished unplaced on all of his mounts at Ascot on Saturday.

Shantou was a better horse here than when winning the St Leger, Detorri said after leaping from his mount, who had run on strongly to defeat Sacramento by three lengths with Strategic Choice two and a half

lengths away. Swinburn said he had been hopeful when leading by a couple of lengths two furlongs out on Sacramento, but had not been able to respond to the winner's finishing surge.

Gosden's assistant, William Balding, suggested Shantou might run again in the Prix Royal-Oak at Longchamp on Sunday week. Brunston Abbey set a post-war British record for the most races won by a filly or mare when recording her 23rd success in a Listed sprint event in Munich yesterday.

She was ridden by Michael Roberts, who was notching his 11th win on Mark Johnston's seven-year-old. The one disappointment on a glittering weekend for the British came in the Velka Pardubicka, the Czech Republic's Grand National. The locally-trained Clipsek proved too strong for Irish Stump, who finished runner-up for Norman Williamson, four and a half lengths behind the winner.

Last year's hero Its A Ship was a distant third under Richard Dunwoody having managed much of the running. Ten of the 21 starters managed to complete the unique test of stamina.

Tennis

Rusedski comes back with a bang

THE season may be grinding on with a lot of tired legs already looking forward to their Christmas recess but even the most jaded of players could not resist the week's stories. Greg Rusedski won his first ATP title as a Briton and Boris Becker completed a "wonder" comeback after his Wimbledon trauma, writes Chris Chiriac.

Then, for good measure, came the news that women's tennis could have its own world champion for the first time since Martina Hingis claimed her first senior title at the age of 16, beating Germany's Anke Huber 6-2, 3-6, 6-3 in the Filderstadt tournament.

The Canadian-born British player had not played since her return to form by taking the Beijing Open after a big-serving duel with the Czech world No. 77 Martina Damm. His 7-6, 6-4 victory should lift his ranking from the current 75 into the 50s.

who also reached an ATP Tour semi-final in Singapore this month, said: "It is all down to my better mental approach. I am concentrating far better and I'm playing the big points really well. The people have said I was all serve but my service returns are now much better, so there is not so much pressure on me holding my own serve."

Becker, who has won scarcely a match since rupturing a right-wrist tendon at Wimbledon and even withdrew from last week's Lyon event, was way below his best but still beat the Dutchman Jan Siemerink 6-4, 6-7, 6-2, 6-3 to take the CA Trophy final in Vienna's Stadthalle.

"For me this is like a wonder. I still don't fully understand how I did it. It is of great importance for me," said a visibly moved Becker. "I was never injured for such a long time. I was never sure if I would be 100 per cent again."

Cricket

Australia tumbled by Kumble

SACHIN TENDULKAR suffered the rare indignity of being out for a duck yesterday, but his batting failure paled into insignificance as he led India to a seven-wicket victory over Australia in his first Test as India's captain.

India's victory was a surprise, especially as the Australian batsmen were left to score 56 to wrap up victory, which they did at a cost of three wickets, including that of Tendulkar. India have included two newcomers in their 14-man squad for the forthcoming triangular ODI series against Australia and South Africa. They are Punjab's wicketkeeper-batsman Parag Dharmani and the Karnataka opening batsman Sujit Somastudari.

Leicester runners and riders with form guide for eight races

- 1.00 Lady Archer
2.00 Miss Charlie
3.00 Present Situation
4.00 Royal Splendour

- 1.00 The Revolution
2.00 Alchemist
3.00 Atlantic Dasher
4.00 Double Trick

- 1.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
2.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
3.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
4.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)

- 1.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
2.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
3.00 Madam Liberty Stakes (10)
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July 2015

Golf

Dunhill win for quiet Americans

David Davies hears a Swede told off for breach of etiquette at St Andrews

PHIL MICKELSON'S flare-up with Jarmo Sandelin of Sweden betrayed more than a flutter of American nerves yesterday before the United States went on to win the Dunhill Cup for only the third time in 12 years.

Semi-final wins by Mark O'Meara and Steve Stricker had steered the United States past Sweden's Hedblom and Sjoland, but Mickelson and Sandelin's match broke that orderly pattern. They were all square at the 12th tee when the American, according to the Swede, said: "You should show me some respect and not behave like that."

Sandelin did not immediately understand what Mickelson was complaining about, but could not deny that whenever he holed a putt — and he had had four birdies at the point in question — he had been punching the air and celebrating in loud and, to impartial ears, obnoxious fashion.

Mickelson, who had been displaying traditional courtesy, congratulating his opponent with the customary "good shot" or "well played", was obviously becoming increasingly irritated. The final straw came on the 11th green, where Sandelin holed his putt, following it towards the hole as if with an imaginary machine gun. Asked by Sandelin what the problem was, the American replied: "This is a friendly game." To which Sandelin replied: "I know, but I want to win it."

Outside the clubhouse — where perhaps the original dialogue should have occurred — Mickelson later tried to explain why he had spoken out. "I believe competitions like the Ryder Cup, the Dunhill Cup and the Pres-

dent's Cup are wonderful events to promote sportsmanship and camaraderie internationally. I think our match could certainly have been conducted with a little more sportsmanship and I was disappointed it was not."

And so to the final, in which the Americans' slightly unexpected opponents were New Zealand. The hirsute and piratical-looking Frank Nobilo slashed his way past the US's Mark O'Meara but the remainder of his crew were cut down as Greg Turner and Grant Waite lost to Mickelson and Stricker respectively.

Nobilo, whose victims included Joe Oskari and Greg Norman, had a very good week. He deserved it, having played in every edition of this event since it started in 1985, the only man to have done so. But Stricker had an even better one, not losing a match and proving far too much for Waite in yesterday afternoon's vital anchor role.

He was five under after 12 and the New Zealander was done for when he found the Road Hole bunker and could not get out first time.

The middle match turned on the 16th hole. Turner's putt tipped out from six feet to drop him a shot and send him back to level par, while Mickelson birdied from two feet to open a three-stroke gap that survived even the 17th.

The top-seeded Americans thus took first prize of \$100,000 per man and the New Zealanders, seventh seeds, collected £50,000 each, a good reward for four days of golf. All the teams present will be reassured by the sponsors' confirmation that this glorified exhibition will continue, and remain at St Andrews, for the next three years at least.



Final fling ... Grant Waite drives at the second play-off hole, where he beat South Africa's Wayne Westner to put New Zealand into yesterday's Dunhill Cup final

DAVID CANNON

Kite crosses Atlantic to touch previous heights

Michael Britten in Madrid on the US captain's surprise win

TOM KITE's Ryder Cup reconnaissance turned into a triumphant trip when he snatched the Old Pro-Am title from the clutches of Seve Ballesteros and Angel Cabrera here yesterday.

Expectations were low when Kite arrived at the prime purpose of inspect-

ing the 1997 Ryder Cup course and its facilities. But the trip produced the 46-year-old's first victory since the 1993 Los Angeles Open and only his second in Europe, following the 1980 European Open, and it could not have arrived at a more opportune moment.

pleated with a passionate display by Ballesteros stirred the competitive juices, and when the American was handed a winning opportunity by Cabrera's failure to sink six-foot putts on the last two greens, he seized it.

The contest between the Ryder Cup captains was the centre piece of an enthralling day that Ballesteros began four shots behind Kite and five behind Cabrera.

Urged on by a gallery anticipating the first Ballesteros victory since his Spanish Open success in the capital 18 months ago, he went out in 33 in a buffeting wind that later brought heavy rain, but a

risky attempt to eagle the 566-yard 11th by taking a short cut via the 16th fairway brought about his downfall.

Instead of an easy approach he had to pick his ball out of the pond guarding the 16th green and could manage only a par five and, though he birdied the 12th, three putts on the 14th did for him.

When Kite and Cabrera both birdied the 11th via the orthodox route and remained level at 14 under after 15 holes, they had the tournament to themselves.

10 feet on the next green, but then his nerve and his putter failed him.

Be allowed the American to draw level by three-putting the short 17th and was unable to respond when Kite moved in for the kill, hitting a sand wedge from 10 yards to within a foot for the simplest of winning putts after Cabrera again failed from six feet.

"This is a tremendous boost for me," said Kite. "When you have been without a win for more than three years the doubts begin to set in. It gives me the impetus I am looking for to have a good season in 1997 and make the American Ryder Cup team."

Cricket

Australia tumbled by Kumble

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Motor Racing

Final salvo settles a private war of nerves

Richard Williams reveals how Hill conquered his personal demons to see off the young pretender

ONE OF US outside the new world champion's immediate circle had seen that smile before, the one that beamed down from the winner's perch on the podium at Suzuka yesterday. No more anxiety, no more recriminations. It was all joy and relief, and it seemed to open a window into the soul of the real Damon Hill.

"That's our boy," cried dear old Murray Walker in the same instant, summing up the general reaction as dawn crept into front rooms around Britain. Our boy indeed. Our first sight of Hill had been as somebody's son, which condemned him to a special and unenviable sort of treatment. Somehow he became everybody's son, to be praised and scolded and patronised as if he were our own.

Even the unsentimental Frank Williams sometimes referred to him as "our Damon", meaning to imply a degree of fondness but also conveying the hint that Hill was not to be taken quite as seriously as some of his predecessors and rivals.

It wasn't fair, and it didn't help. Our scepticism was something else he had to fight against, along with the legacy of being his father's boy, an inescapable reality which may have opened doors in the early stages but was no use at all when it came to the real business of racing. Now he has proved that, in the context of an elaborate and very public battle, a man can fight his own private war between self-belief and self-doubt, and win.

What Hill did in Japan yesterday, in taking the title by winning the race from the front, has expunged all the humiliations heaped on his head since his vulnerabilities started to appear under pressure last year. It justified the mission that began a year ago, when he decided to reorder his priorities and adjust his mentality in order to cope with whatever the season might throw at him. Now he can live with himself.

"A lot of the discomfort I feel is as much with myself as with anyone else," he told me on the way to a test session last winter, reflecting on his bitter failure to take the title in the previous two seasons.

"So I have to come back and have another go. I won't be able to race for ever. When that time comes I want very much to be able to look back and say, 'Well, I did everything I possibly could, as well as I could, and I'm happy with that, whatever the result may be.' It would be awful to have to bear any other kind of feeling into old age."

It would have been awful for the son of Graham Hill to have lived the rest of his life knowing that he had been unable to match his father's achievements, despite favourable odds, in the public mind he would have become an eternal nearly man. That is not, in Britain, necessarily a dishonourable title, but there will be widespread pleasure if it is not the prospect of greeting Hill in his shaving mirror this morning.

The statistics show that he took the title by 19 clear points from Jacques Villeneuve, and by eight wins to four. Those who browse casually through the record books agree on a new contract with Hill, and he is expected to be his main opposition, together with his new Williams team-mate Heinz-Harald

Frentzen, plus young chargers such as Mika Hakkinen and David Coulthard in their McLarens. The Japanese race also left question marks hanging over the long-term future of Benetton's German driver Gerhard Berger and Jean

the choice was widely criticised, not least by those British drivers who considered themselves better qualified.

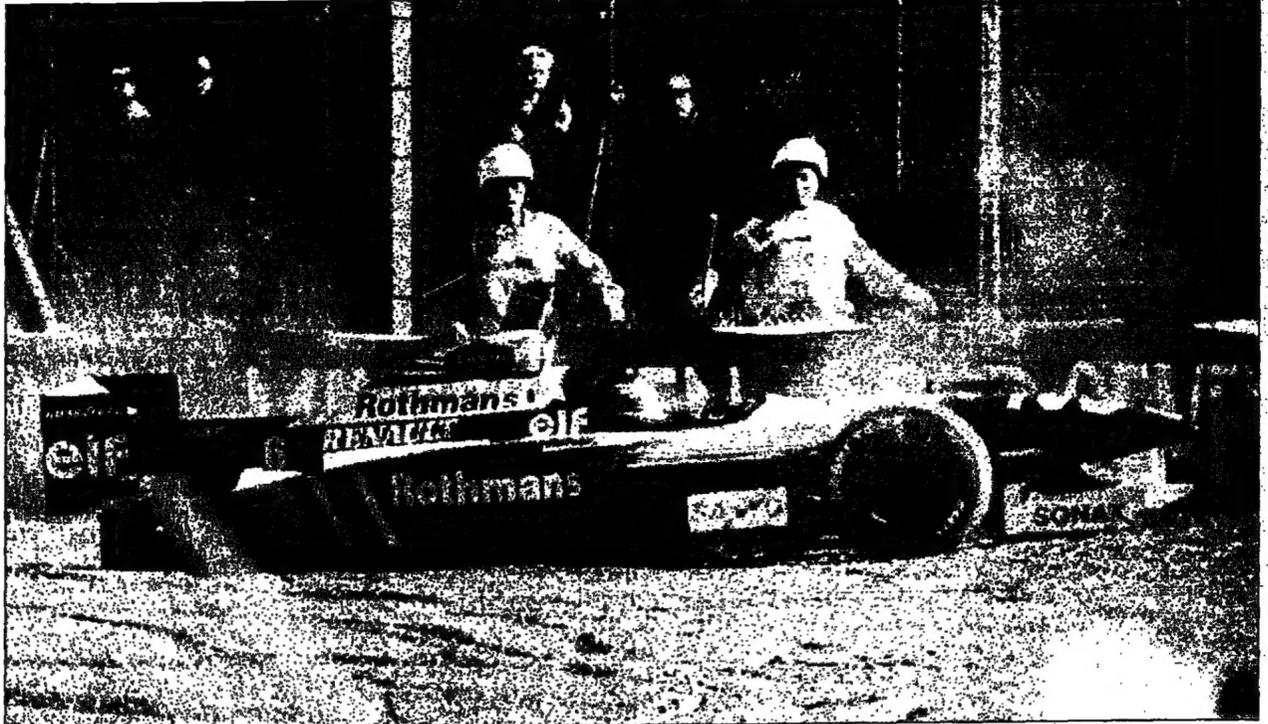
Nevertheless Hill did everything that could have been expected of him in that first season, winning three grands prix and finishing third in the championship behind Prost and Ayrton Senna. He kept the seat for 1994, hoping to hone his skills by sharing the team with Senna, who had replaced Prost. But when the great Brazilian was killed in the third race of the season, Hill did not shrink from pulling a traumatised team together and fighting Schumacher all the way through a season in which doubts were cast on the legality of the German's car, winning six races and losing the title by a single point when Schumacher's half-crippled Benetton lurched into his path during the final round in Japan.

Last year he won four races and finished runner-up again, but this time he had been thoroughly undermined by Schumacher's gift by psychological warfare. The worst moment came at Silverstone, where a collision caused by Hill's panicky overtaking manoeuvre put them both out of a race that should have been a walkover for the Englishman.

Humiliated again by Schumacher at Ajda and Suzuka towards the end of year, Hill took stock. "I'd been going non-stop since 1993," he said, "and I'd run out of puff, to be honest. I knew I was going to win the title, and I'd lost the appetite for the competition."

During the two free weeks between Japan and the last race in Australia, he came to a crucial conclusion. "I didn't have much to do, and it was too far to come home, so I had a holiday on Ball with George and then we went to Perth and spent a few days relaxing. And it suddenly hit me that I'd become a bit of a workaholic. I decided to come back refreshed for '96, with renewed enthusiasm for doing what I love doing, but which had become a bit of a job of work."

He cleared his mind, came



The challenge is over... Jacques Villeneuve spins out minus one rear wheel on lap 37 to dash his hopes of overtaking Damon Hill in the Japanese GP and the world title race

'Nothing clouded the sense of mission accomplished with which Hill left the Williams paddock'

continued from back page macher, a close second for Ferrari yesterday, believes he will have the car and equipment to win back his title. Villeneuve will be his main opposition, together with his new Williams team-mate Heinz-Harald

Frentzen, plus young chargers such as Mika Hakkinen and David Coulthard in their McLarens. The Japanese race also left question marks hanging over the long-term future of Benetton's German driver Gerhard Berger and Jean

Alesi. Although the veteran Berger finished fourth, he only narrowly avoided an early collision with Hill and later rammed Eddie Irvine's Ferrari into retirement. Alesi, meanwhile, blotted his copybook by writing off

his car in a massive accident as he came out of the first corner. Since losing Schumacher to Ferrari 12 months ago Benetton has failed to win another race and neither of their drivers emerged from this one with much credit.

As for Hill, there were times this season when he did not drive like a world champion in waiting but equally there were moments when he harnessed the performance advantage of his Williams-Renault to brilliant effect. The bottom

line is that he took the title by winning eight of the 16 races, becoming the eighth British champion since the series' inception in 1951 but only the second in the past 20 years following Nigel Mansell's runaway victory in 1992.

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back to win the final race of 1996 at Adelaide, and then disappeared again to plan an entirely different approach to a season in which his main threat would come from a young and ambitious new team-mate, Villeneuve.

The factors were mental, physical, and technical. The second and third could be dealt with by extra training in the gym and relentless pre-season testing with the new Williams-Renault FW18. The first was where his weaknesses had been spotted by opponents, and required special attention.

His solution was the creation of an informal "Team Hill", headed by his lawyer and manager, Michael Breen, and George. It also included his aide-de-camp, Jamie McCallum; his friend, the photographer Jon Nicholson; the team physiotherapist, Erwin Gollner; the Daily Telegraph journalist Michael Calvin; an American image consultant, Mary Spillane; and, in the end, the team's chief designer Adrian Newey,

who took over the race engineering of Hill's car.

"One of the things that has changed for me is that I no longer feel the need to do everything myself," Hill said. "I've learnt to trust other people. I use the people around me to make my life easier, so I can focus on driving."

Profiting from Schumacher's lucrative switch to the troubled Ferrari team, Hill began the season with three wins in a row, putting Villeneuve firmly in his place. At that point, he will be as serene when Benetton or Ferrari get their cars right?"

No, he wasn't. As Schumacher wrestled the Ferrari to three wins, and Berger almost won at Hockenheim in the Benetton, and Villeneuve began to accumulate victories of his own, Hill's new demeanour melted away with his 26-point lead. Even the presence of his encourage backfired, irritated by the presence of a team within a team, angry with Breen's financial demands, and nurturing a lack of confidence in Hill's ability.

The brow furrowed, and the fingers twisted themselves into knots behind his back as he told reporters how relaxed he was feeling. He began to blow chances, and nerves were the cause. At Monza his bravura attack on Jean Alesi was followed by a banal error. In Estoril he was outpaced by Villeneuve. And then, yesterday in Suzuka, he was flawless. So now he can look back and say that his strategy must have been correct, because in the end it did the job.

The path to his title was littered with deceptions and obstacles. The biggest was in his own head, and it is the measure of his triumph that he was able to confront his own vulnerability and conquer it. He may not be the greatest racing driver who ever lived, but he is one heck of a man.

Boxing

Imposing Reid beats a posing Nardiello

Jack Massarick

IF YOU can win a world title in the champion's own back yard, you truly deserve to grab that big belt and wrap it around your waist. Such, in essence, were the words of congratulation from Marvellous Marvin Hagler as Robin Reid became World Boxing Council super-middleweight champion in Milan on Saturday night.

Marvellous Marvin, as he insisted on being known (by registered trademark) in his fighting days, was probably the greatest middleweight champion of modern times. He, too, took the title on foreign soil, beating Alan Minter — and a hail of bottles from disgruntled Minter supporters — in London.

"You did it my way, switched to southpaw and won it with a body shot," said Hagler, who now lives in Italy

and is developing a new career in baddie parts in Italian movies. The career Reid, a former Olympic bronze medal winner from Liverpool, also looks more interesting now. He left a volatile Italian crowd in no doubt that their man Vincenzo Nardiello, counted out in the second round, had been beaten fair and square.

Nardiello, who afterwards claimed he had broken his left hand in the first round and fought in pain for the next six, did his best to pinch the verdict on a disqualification. Three times he grabbed his foul-cup and slumped to the canvas in apparent agony.

Spectators at Nardiello's previous fights against Nigel Benn and Henry Wharton recalled similarly distressing scenes, but Frank Cappuccino, one of the New Jersey school of referees, was not deceived. Officiating in his 62nd world-title fight, he disdain-

fully waved the 30-year-old former policeman back on to his feet.

Nardiello took a count of eight in the fifth and stayed down from a left hook to the short ribs in the seventh. This was Nardiello's first defence of the title he took from South Africa's Sugar Boy Malings — who has taken it from Benn, who in turn had taken it from Nardiello.

This circle that could turn indefinitely. Reid will be asked to replace Nardiello in a rematch with Malings, but he would prefer to meet the winner of the forthcoming Benn-Steve Collins rematch.

First, Reid and his manager Frank Warren will attend the WBC's annual congress in Buenos Aires later this month. Rickey Woodall of Telford will be there, too. If he can dethrone the WBC middleweight champion Keith Holmes in the United States next weekend.

Hockey

Crutchley spares Cannock double defeat

Pat Rowley

ROB CRUTCHLEY salvaged a point for Cannock after the champions appeared to be on course for a weekend of double defeat. The League's leading scorer grabbed a late equaliser at Canterbury yesterday as Cannock earned a 4-4 draw.

It completed an eventful weekend for Crutchley, who scored twice on Saturday in the 4-3 defeat by East Grinstead and yesterday had a penalty saved by Canterbury's Simon Triggs with the teams level at 3-3 before saving his side with his second corner goal.

The absence of internationals at the World Cup preliminary finally told on Cannock and their fellow pace-setters Loughmontians, who also faced a double-header.

After winning 2-0 against Havant on Saturday, Loughmontians, like Cannock, lost their 100 per cent record, going down 2-1 at Barford.

Canterbury, another side without their Welsh contingent, had no answer to Ian Jennings on Saturday, the Guildford player converting four corners in a 5-2 win. Guildford, Barford and Reading all had weekend doubles, with the latter two winning both their games to join Loughmontians at the top.

East Grinstead should have won twice after beating Cannock but allowed Teddington to snatch a 2-2 draw yesterday.

There was no change at the top of the Women's National League with the top two, Slough and Clifton, drawing 1-1. A drab display was lifted only by the play of Clifton's international Tammy Miller.

At least there were some sparkle and goals elsewhere. Kath James scored a hat-trick in Trojans' 5-0 win over Leicester. Tina Cullen emulated her as Hightown defeated Sutton 4-3 and Vickey Dixon bagged a brace for Ipswich in a 3-0 win over Doncaster.

Ice Hockey

Nemeth is on his mettle for the Steelers

Vic Batchelder

SHEFFIELD Steelers clinched a place in the next round of the European Cup on Saturday by beating Tilburg Trappers 5-1 at the Sheffield Arena.

The Steelers had recorded the highest-ever score by a British side in the competition when they defeated the Spanish champions Jaca 16-0 on Friday.

Larder yesterday named a team for tomorrow's last warm-up game against a President's XIII, now to be played in Lower Hutt, half-an-hour's drive from Wellington, which includes only a handful of realistic Test contenders. Despite their sloppy performance in the 22-22 draw against a Lion Red Cup XIII last Thursday, the remaining 15 players will stay in Auckland with the assistant coach

Clive Griffiths to continue preparations for the Test. The Castleford half-back Tony Smith is almost certain to join them in the squad of 17, which leaves only one substitute position up for grabs.

The leading contenders are the young Sheffield centre Keith Senior, who made his debut in the record win in Fiji, the St Helens second-row forward Chris Joynt, aiming to prove his complete recovery from a knee operation just before the tour, and Workington's Welsh prop Rowland Phillips.

Phillips, something of a poet and team jester, is far more than that. Earning selection despite playing for the Super League strugglers Workington Town was an indication of the consistency of his performances last summer, and as the only true Welshman on the tour he

They eventually took command in the fourth, which they began with a 9-1 burst. Hemel's players have yet to live up to their reputations, which some can blame on the club's lack of any pre-season games. But Ekwo Oduadu, a Nigerian international forward, turned up out of shape and then injured his hamstring, and Kelvin Robertson, who blocks more shots than Peter Schmeichel, proved to be out of practice, about three inches shorter than advertised and undersized for the power forward spot.

After a hideous 122-56 defeat at Sheffield 10 days ago Razaq warned everybody that they would be playing for their jobs the next day at home to Leicester, but the coach was sacked before he could get to the game. He was, Dunning observed dryly, "the easiest one to replace."

Rugby League

Larder may have to play joker

Andy Wilson in Wellington

ALTHOUGH Phil Larder insists that he still has an open mind about his team for Friday's first Test against New Zealand, there is considerably less uncertainty over his selection than that surrounding the composition of this country's coalition government.

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Basketball

Ragged Royals court disaster

Robert Pryce

THE decade has been difficult for the Hemel Royals. "It's been hell on earth," says their former coach Mike Dunning. And those upstairs at Buckingham Palace thought they had it tough.

Dunning was sacked last Saturday, after Hemel had suffered their sixth defeat in six games this season. Under Vince Razaq, the club's owner and a former London Towers forward, the Royals have extended their slump by two more losses. On Saturday, in the clash of the Bud League's bottom two, they went down 109-95 at home to the Worthing Bears.

Razaq must have had an inkling that his luck was not about to turn when Worthing hit eight successive three-pointers in the first quarter.

They eventually took command in the fourth, which they began with a 9-1 burst. Hemel's players have yet to live up to their reputations, which some can blame on the club's lack of any pre-season games. But Ekwo Oduadu, a Nigerian international forward, turned up out of shape and then injured his hamstring, and Kelvin Robertson, who blocks more shots than Peter Schmeichel, proved to be out of practice, about three inches shorter than advertised and undersized for the power forward spot.

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Sport in brief

Squash

Cassie Jackman was blown away in the women's World Open final yesterday in Malaysia. All her new-found fitness and court finesse counting for nothing against the Australian Sarah Fitz-Gerald.

The world No. 2 was in unstoppable mood, beating the 23-year-old from Norfolk 9-0, 9-3, 9-4 in 29 minutes — the shortest World Open final on record. She took the opening game in a single hand from her second service, hitting immaculate width.

Jackman, so brave in taking the semi-final off Liz Irving from 4-8 in the fifth, trailed 0-3 in the second yesterday before she hit a winner.

Chess Anatoly Karpov, who has won a record 140 tournaments, was beaten in the very first round at Tilburg this weekend. Hungary's Zoltan Almasi, 20, caught out the Rus-

sian's favourite Caro-Kann with a new idea and won in 52 moves, writes Leonard Barden.

Earlier Karpov denied that he had agreed with his rival Garry Kasparov should be styled "world champion" and himself only "Fide world champion" in their unification match next year. "Kasparov (head of the pro-Kasparov Russian federation) edited my words," he said.

Sailing Britain's Chris Luard rounded off his best week on the match-racing circuit for some time by taking the world champion Russell Coutts to a fifth and deciding semi-final race in the Brit Cup of Bermuda yesterday, writes Bob Fisher.

That earned him a \$10,000 (£6,500) bonus for finishing third on points in the Grand Prix series behind the New Zealander and Australia's Peter Gilmore, who dismissed Markus Wieser of Germany in three straight races to set up a final with Coutts.

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Advertisement for Soccer Fergo, featuring commentary by David Lacey. The ad includes a large image of a soccer ball and text promoting the brand.

Handwritten signature or date: 10/12/96

Soccer

Premiership: Manchester United 1, Liverpool 0

Ferguson escapes to Istanbul

Commentary David Lacey

AMONG English clubs only Liverpool have won the European Cup while retaining the league championship. They did so in 1977 and again in 1984. Now the feat is rather more demanding, as Manchester United have already discovered.

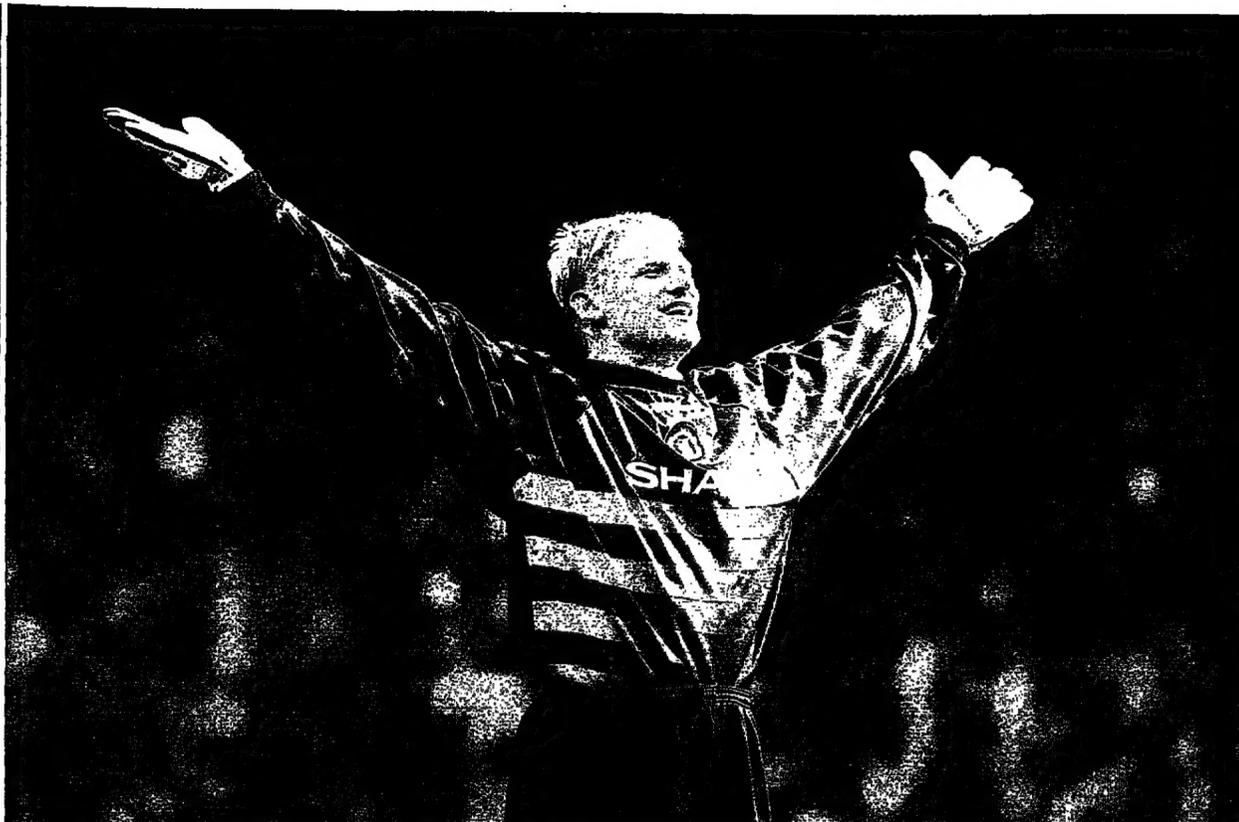
Without taking anything away from Liverpool's achievements, it is an inescapable fact that whereas once a team competing in the Champions Cup could concentrate on domestic matters between the second round in October and the quarter-finals in March, the Champions League allows less licence.

For Manchester United it is not so much a question of winning both as striking the right balance, so that if they are again frustrated in the Champions League the Premiership title will still be in sight. Alex Ferguson has set his heart on winning Europe's most prestigious club trophy, and Saturday morning's performance against Liverpool reflected the United manager's outlook.

Ferguson's team had ASMA Minor on their minds. On Wednesday they face Fenerbahce in Istanbul. If United take four points off the Turkish champions, who visit Old Trafford a fortnight later, they will be strongly placed to reach the last eight.

Hence Saturday's somewhat absent-minded display against Liverpool, which drove Manchester United's supporters to distraction in the second half after Beckham had given United the lead midway through the first. But for the excellence of May and Johnson, an emergency centre-back partnership in the absence of the injured Pallister, Batty's extraordinary industry and Schmeichel's reliability, Liverpool might have won. Certainly they should not have been beaten for the first time this season, subsequently losing to Newcastle the Premiership lead they had held for a month.

Some feel that Liverpool are the side most likely to exploit an extension of Manchester United's involvement in Europe beyond Christmas, yet this performance did not



A good morning at the office... Peter Schmeichel milks the applause after his match-winning performance for Manchester United on Saturday. PHOTOGRAPH: MARK LEECH

support that view. Roy Evans's team had an abundance of possession and passed and moved with flair and imagination. But they simply could not take their chances.

McManaman, Barnes, Thomas and Berger all missed opportunities in front of goal which a fit and in-form Fowler, badly missed on Saturday, or the Rush of old would have taken with scarcely a moment's thought. Well though Schmeichel and his centre-backs played, Liverpool's profligacy was

equally responsible for the win that has moved Manchester United a point behind them and two points off the lead.

There is still something missing at Anfield; not so much the muscle that Smith or McMahon provided at various times but the mental hardness of a Souness or a Dalglish, either of whom would have cleaned up on Saturday. Barnes's feathery touches provided a leitmotif, but Liverpool needed a stronger central theme.

"They don't really cut you open," Ferguson observed. "May and Johnson handled everything round about them very well." Evans did not agree: "Alex can say what he likes, but we created six or seven chances and I don't know what he means." Both managers were half-right. Berger did eventually appear behind May and Johnson, Schmeichel saving each time, but before that Liverpool had tended to fence at United's flanks without making

serious thrusts through the middle. Ferguson observed, "May and Johnson handled everything round about them very well." Evans did not agree: "Alex can say what he likes, but we created six or seven chances and I don't know what he means." Both managers were half-right. Berger did eventually appear behind May and Johnson, Schmeichel saving each time, but before that Liverpool had tended to fence at United's flanks without making

United will have to show more powers of concentration than they did for the second half against Liverpool. Giggs, Gary Neville and Irwin, to push up on the wings to restrict Liverpool's normal attacking width. "I didn't want too many men at the back," he explained. "It was worth the risk and it worked well in the first half. But in the second half we didn't have the courage to carry it out completely."

Whether Ferguson intends playing this way in Istanbul remains to be seen. Certainly should have stayed on the field after the 12th minute became academic. James had charged beyond Liverpool's penalty area to chest the ball clear before colliding with Solskjaer. With United still in possession, David Elleray waved play on and, clearly deciding James's challenge was legal, took no action against the goalkeeper. "Someone will be sent off next week for the same thing," Ferguson forecast. If so the referee will be as wrong as Elleray, on this occasion, was right.

Blackburn Rovers 0 Arsenal 2

Harford ready to walk away

Michael Walker

RAY HARFORD has the face of a pessimist but the soul of an optimist. His public image suggests a charisma bypass yet his side are sharp enough to cut more than mustard. And he seems reasonably calm while many in his position would be screaming "don't panic."

After this defeat, Blackburn's sixth in nine games, the security of Harford's position as manager quickly became top of the agenda.

Surprisingly, the topic was not introduced by a scolding media but by Harford himself. The Blackburn manager had just heard the loudest element yet at Ewood Park chant for his removal and, though he insisted it could not influence any imminent decision, he did admit that it hurt.

"I've been through that at Luton and I don't want to put my family through that again," he said, referring to the external pressure, the letters in the local paper, the abuse from supporters. But in his opinion all that is insignificant in comparison to internal tension.

The latter, he revealed, had led him to offer a resignation to the Blackburn owner Jack Walker last season. "The worst time was around the Betty situation and the fight in Russia. Once or twice I had discussions with Jack and I said 'If it's right for you, I'll walk away'."

He added that there has been one similar meeting already in the struggle for a start to this season. "We had lunch after the fourth game [a 1-0 home defeat to Leeds] and again I said 'If it's right for you I'll walk away'."

"I don't want to put pressure on the directors but if they would give me time I'm pretty sure we can get over it. But if the results don't give you time, then you've got to change a face."

To say, therefore, that Harford will be in charge for the next league game at Ewood against Liverpool would be rash. Yet to say the opposite would be equally so, for many are outraged by the shouts for Harford's head.

These are people aware of his contribution to the Blackburn revolution on and off the pitch. Harford readily accepts that further change is necessary and when he said "we still need a forward" it was a sentence doubtless repeated a thousand times on Saturday night.

The absence on Saturday of a potent striker - Sutton never really got a kick all day - was marking him. The second, six minutes after half-time, was equally clinical and followed incisive passing from Vieira and Merson. Wright latched on to the Frenchman's pass, sped by Croft and scored with slim-line economy.

Wimbledon 4, Sheffield Wednesday 2

Sullivan epitomises the spirit of Wimbledon

Neil Robinson

EXTRAORDINARY events set sportsmen in stone, sometimes shaping their careers for years to come. So it is that Wimbledon's Neil Sullivan will always be known as the keeper on the receiving end of David Beckham's magnificent piece of opening-day impudence at Selhurst Park.

When that wonder strike acclaimed the goal of the season next May it is worth examining again the expression on Sullivan's face as the ball sails over his head, gently billowing the net. It was not one of anguish so much as absolute cold-eyed astonishment. The Wimbledon way of dealing with what could have been a seminal moment in his young life was to slap him on the back and congratulate him on his overnight fame. "I told him that television would keep replaying it endlessly and every time he saw the

ball going into the back of the net it would be against him," said Joe Kinnear.

On Saturday the goalkeeper showed why his manager has such faith in him, pulling off two astonishing saves within five minutes as Wimbledon wobbled at 2-2. The first was a full-frontal tip-over from Andy Booth; the second a stunning two-handed penalty save from David Hirst.

Sullivan epitomises the best of Wimbledon. Last year against Nottingham Forest his leg was broken in two places, but he has battled back, reclaimed his first-team place from Paul Heald, overcome his Beckham blushes and pulled off a succession of first-time performances.

He was certainly the envy of his opposite number, Kevin Pressman, who provided his own entry for the goalkeeper's clanger of the season. Pressman apparently takes great pride in caressing rather than keeping replaying it endlessly and every time he saw the

lessly caught out by a back-pass which he sought to show off his ball skills. Ekoku was unimpressed and Wimbledon went one up.

Although Wednesday hit back immediately through Booth and later scored again through Hyde, their defence looked thoroughly rickety without the suspended Walker, and further breaches were inevitable.

Wimbledon attacked through Wednesday's middle at will and Earle, Jones, who had an excellent game, and Leonhardsen kept them in control with well-taken goals. Their distribution from midfield was good; their angles of attack varied. The win was their sixth in succession, a club record in the top flight.

All of which left Wednesday's manager David Pleat with much to mull over. Already August, when his side registered four successive victories, is a long way off. Neil Sullivan will vouch for that.

First Division: Queens Park Rangers 2, Manchester City 2

Sinclair set for Leeds

Martha Thorpe

STEWART HOUSTON's rebuilding of the Queens Park Rangers team is expected to begin this week when Trevor Sinclair moves to Leeds United for between £4 million and £5 million.

According to sources close to Leeds the two clubs were in talks all last week about the transfer-requesting England forward moving to Elland Road and a deal is due to be tied up before next weekend. On Saturday the player was gagged by Rangers from talking about anything other than his wonder goal, a timely gem to help Rangers recoup as much money as possible to help rebuild their side.

After almost a month in his new home Houston's structural survey is complete. It shows the back wall needs strengthening, a couple of new load-bearing joints are required in midfield and the front needs doing up. Houston will struggle to notch his first league win.

Surveying his new property for the first time, however, Steve Coppell must have been surprised and reassured to find a City team whose performance got Alan Ball the sack capable of producing this sort of quality and resolve, coming back from 2-0 down to end up deserving more than a draw after hitting the post twice, the bar once, and unlucky not to win more than one penalty.

One game is insufficient for Coppell to make an assessment of how close he is to giving City's impressively loyal fans the team they deserve. But the way the ball was played around, and the man in possession supported with intelligent runs and astute

use of space, bodes well. What Rangers found equally difficult to deal with in a tetchy game that included a mass brawl was City's dogged pressuring of players on the ball.

Rangers' young midfielders did not know which way to turn - or pass. Quashie was knocked off the ball too easily and regularly caught in possession, Murray and Graham lacked the experience and temperament to dictate. Ditto Slade and Sinclair up front. The ball kept coming back to City, allowing them to dominate for long periods.

Rangers went ahead against the run of play when McColl's soft back-header forced Dibble out of his area to head well clear. But the ball fell to Sinclair, who lobbed the keeper brilliantly from fully 45 yards. Seven minutes later another City mistake saw Was-



sinclair... parting shot other City mistake saw Was-

sinclair... parting shot other City mistake saw Was-

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Five pages of sport

Golf Cloud over the USA as they win the Dunhill Cup 13

Soccer Ferguson and United prepare for Asia Minor 15

SportExtra



Master Hill wins a place in history

The road to the title

- 1. Australia March 10: Won by 22 secs from Villeneuve.
- 2. Brazil March 31: Won by 17.8 secs, ahead of Alesi. Villeneuve spun off.
- 3. Argentina April 7: Won by 10 secs, ahead of Villeneuve.
- 4. European April 28: Fourth place. DNF after Villeneuve spun off at first time.
- 5. San Marino May 5: Won by 42 secs from Schumacher. Villeneuve retired after start.
- 6. Monaco May 19: Retired (oil pump failure after 46 laps). Fourth place. Villeneuve also retired after accident.
- 7. Spain June 2: Spun off after 18 laps in rain. Schumacher won, Villeneuve third.
- 8. Canada June 16: Won by four secs. Villeneuve second.
- 9. France June 30: Won by eight secs. Villeneuve second.
- 10. Britain July 14: Retired (loose wheel at 25 laps). Villeneuve won.
- 11. Germany July 28: Won by 11.4 secs. Alesi second. Villeneuve third.
- 12. Hungary August 11: Second (after slow start) to Villeneuve.
- 13. Belgium August 25: Fifth (after poor start). Schumacher wins from Villeneuve.
- 14. Italy September 8: Spun off, five laps. Schumacher won. Villeneuve second.
- 15. Portugal September 22: Second. Villeneuve won. Hill leads by nine points going into final race.
- 16. Japan October 13: Hill leads from the start to take the title by 19 points.

PHOTOGRAPH: PASCAL RONDEAU

Briton leads all the way in Japan to claim F1 title

Alan Henry at Suzuka

BRITISH bookmakers rate Damon Hill a 100-1 chance to retain the Formula One title he took in such mastery last year, but nothing could cloud the massive sense of mission accomplished with which he left the Williams paddock here in Japan after what was surely both his last and his greatest grand-prix victory.

The Briton assured himself of a place in motor-sport history alongside his late father Graham with a dominant performance that was as important for his personal prestige as a racing driver as it was in making him F1's first champion son of a champion father.

"The race went like clockwork, like a full-distance test session really — an ordinary day but a perfect ending to one," he said afterwards.

Hill could hardly have improved on his display before the 37th lap when his teammate and only rival Jacques Villeneuve had to retire, but thereafter his focus was su-

plete the opening lap in sixth place. Hill surged away in the lead, never to be headed even during his two routine refuelling stops throughout the 53-lap race.

Hill pressed on relentlessly after Villeneuve had spun off when a loose rear wheel came adrift, determined to depart Williams in style as a winner.

"I never took the view that this championship was going to be a walkover," he said. "Right from the start I knew it was going to be close and I had to take as much of an advantage as I could before Jacques got up to speed and got into the swing of things.

"But it could have gone the other way. Jacques could have been champion and I would have been feeling pretty sick. But I know Jacques is going to get another chance, he is still very young and quick. To be honest, it had to be this year for me and I'm really, really delighted.

"Jacques was a match for me by the end of the season but my motivation was to keep ahead and win the championship. I had the added pressure of having to finish races, whereas he was coming from behind and could take more risks."

Hill's candid acknowledgement that the future will be an uphill struggle and that the F1 baton may have passed to a younger generation.

Next year Michael Schumacher will be the favourite to win. Continued on page 14

The end... Damon Hill salutes Suzuka's cheers after becoming the first champion son of a champion father

Guardian Crossword No 20,783

Set by Crispa

Across

- 1 Doctor and nurse go off together (7)
- 2 Endorsing the motion in a note (7)
- 3 Dismay at a Northerner's retirement (5)
- 4 Kind of bread that fully satisfies the appetite (9)
- 5 Limit studies with tutor (9)
- 6 Nick is not going to church (5)
- 7 Open tarts properly cooked (5)
- 8 Carried off by Stevenson (9)
- 9 Spoil a great comeback and this will cause an outburst (9)
- 10 Investing money in sound equipment for Lords (5)
- 11 Mean to stop (5)
- 12 Made a speech — a challenge indeed! (9)
- 13 Figure the union will be sporting (9)
- 14 Uniform in fine quality gabardine (5)
- 15 Set inside right, that is the answer (7)
- 16 Little page wanting second dish of food (7)

Down

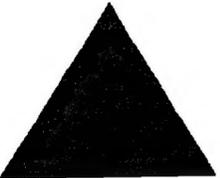
- 1 Making a scene's wrong in spirited meetings (7)
- 2 Conscience-stricken about jilted social worker (9)
- 3 Take in around a hundred and fifty to see exhibition (5)
- 4 Course finding much favour with businessmen? (9)
- 5 A club that may well cause a stir (5)
- 6 Having an area of grass-land, pledge to raise fruit (9)
- 7 Getting into Oriental exercise can be awkward (5)

Winners of Prize Puzzle 20,776

This week's winners of a Collins English Dictionary are Lella and Owen Ward of Corbie Down, Bath, A M Pearson, of Forcanderry, Perth, Tim Smalton of Reading, Patricia Thorpe of Sudbury, and J B Shaw of Old Trafford.



Hump bridge.



Leave the bridge well alone.



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Mickey was in the position of so many major stars, whose actual visibility on screen eventually comes to undermine their legendary status: to remain a god, he had to disappear.

Jonathan Romney on the return of the Mouse

Profile, G2 page 10

Handwritten signature or note at the bottom of the page.